SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 22, No. 46. Saturday Night, Limited, Proprietors Offices: 26-28 Adelaide Street West TORONTO, CANADA, AUGUST 28, 1909. TERMS—Single Copies, 5c. Per Annum (in advance) $2. Whole No. 1134.

THE FRONT PAGE

NEARLY four centuries, to be exact 397 years ago, Juan Ponce de Leon looking the world over for the fountain of youth stumbled across that peninsula now known as Florida. Urged onward by the thought that passing years could be arrested; that fleeting life could be made to mark time, an ambition which in these dull, prosaic days appears weird and fantastic, de Leon, the Spanish nobleman, goes down through the centuries as one of the world's great discoverers.

There was just one thing amiss in the reasoning of Juan Ponce de Leon. He was astray as to the location of the fountain of perpetual youth. He should in place of holding a course south-west from Spain, have turned course northward. He should have plunged into the North country, for surely the "fountain" has been found. Have we not now the discoverer again among us?

Lord Strathcona, in his ninetieth year, crosses the Atlantic for the purpose of visiting Winnipeg where he will be tendered the honorary presidency of the Selkirk Exhibition Association and attend the meetings of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. From Winnipeg he will probably travel on to the Pacific Coast. Just a flying visit to see how matters are proceeding west of the great wheat centre, and then back to London he will go, a mere matter of twelve thousand miles or so for the round journey. Nothing for a man of eighty-nine,—when he has found the fountain of perpetual youth.

Seventy-one years ago Donald A. Smith entered the employ of "The Company," and as Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company he is on the job yet. The Red River Rebellion is a long way off, as one spans an ordinary life, but Smith was on the ground at that time, ripe even then with the experiences of over a quarter century in the North-west.

He is asked by the interviewer in Montreal if he intends resigning the Canadian High Commissionership? Resign! Why bless your heart, why should he? And in my mind's eye I can see him press kindly the shoulder of the youth who has put the question.

Lord Strathcona says that he does not expect to live for ever, but as yet he has not felt the manifold duties of the High Commissionership. For my part I doubt if that man will ever grow old; and why should he? We can illy part with men of his heart and his open mind.

Back in that Northland Donald Smith discovered the fountain of youth. He found it by the river, in the forests, on the plains. He lived the life and breathed the air that makes for a sound heart and good red blood.

Ponce de Leon discovered a peninsula of sand, water oaks and fever. Smith did better than this, for more than any other man he has helped develop half a continent.

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A NUMBER of Toronto gentlemen, including Messrs. H. C. Cox and George Pepper have the ambition to erect a huge arena in this city which would be utilized for hockey, concerts, as a riding academy, as a curling rink, as a convention hall, and for numerous other purposes. Such a structure, on the lines proposed, would not only be a drawing card for Toronto, but would give her citizens an opportunity of enjoying many sports, such as ice skating and curling, which owing to climatic conditions are at present more or less ephemeral. The difficulty seems to be in securing a proper site. Those at the head of the Arena Association would like to purchase from the city the abandoned technical school site on Bloor street, but against this proposal there is a wave of opposition from the churches, a college, hospital, and from various private landowners in the vicinity.

Why not place a structure of this character in the Ward. Purchase the property fronting on University avenue, immediately south of the site upon which the new General Hospital will be erected. No one would dream of objecting to cleaning out this section of Toronto, and at the same time the hockeyists would have a live, up-to-date hospital within easy reach. Placed here it would be central, and besides it might be an incentive for the hundred or so dirty loafers who now lounge in the shade on the avenue to stir around and earn a living.

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IN a recent editorial Robert Sellars, of the Huntingdon Gleaner, points to the suppression of a French weekly paper, La Semaine, as an evidence of Church control of the Press in Quebec. The paper in question was denounced from the pulpits of a hundred churches, according to the article, and the congregations of those churches were forbidden under grievous spiritual penalties from buying, reading, or having in their possession any copy of the journal concerned. And the cause for all this expenditure of anathema seems to have been, that the editor of the little French weekly ventured to deplore the illiteracy of the rural population of Quebec, and to suggest that the schools should be taken from under control of the priesthood.

Without going into the merits of this particular case, it still serves as a reminder of two very serious problems in the Province of Quebec—Church control of schools, and Church influence over the Press. In both cases no one who is familiar with conditions in the Catholic province can doubt the strength of this ecclesiastical predominance; and there is as little reason to question its generally unfortunate effects. But this is an old story. Men have long since found out that in spite of ecclesiastical services to the cause of education in the Middle Ages, schools flourish best when removed from such authority. And so the secularization of education is an accomplished fact in all countries that make any claim to be regarded as advanced. There are a few exceptions, however, and Quebec is one of them. Here the influence of the Church is practically supreme; and no better proof of this could be given than that the Quebec provincial government has no Minister of Public Instruction, and no department devoted to that most important of all work for the future well-being of the province.

Not along ago there was a strong movement in Quebec for the establishment of a Ministry of Public Instruction. This movement was led by Mr. Godfroy Langlois and Mr. G. W. Stevens, two influential members of the Quebec Legislature. But in spite of the enthusiastic support they received from a large section of the public, they were finally defeated on every point through the influence of the Church; and the schools have once more sunk back into their former stagnant condition. Their last state is quite as bad as their first, and that was very bad indeed, as shown by some of the revelations about salaries to school-teachers and scholastic standards in rural districts. The result is that the average of literacy and education among the French-Canadians of the back-parishes is not very high, and they are just so much handicapped in their careers. It is true that they generally possess a pretty fair notion of catechism and the main doctrines of their religion—naturally a most important item in clerical eyes. But as for other

NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVES THE "FAIR."

instruction—well, they learn enough to till their fields, and be contented with their lot, and remain devoted children of Mother Church. And what more can be desired? asks the good *cure* in astonishment. But unfortunately the larger world is somewhat out of sympathy with such bucolic ideals; and the theory of the "simple life" when worked out to this practical conclusion has a very limited appeal. People are apt to ask that a school system should fit children with a reasonably complete equipment for the life that is lived to-day, that it should make them ready to seize the opportunities that come to them, and that it should not condemn them to a dwarfed and crippled existence because of their lack of knowledge. But it would be a very enthusiastic advocate of clerical control who would claim that the public school system of Quebec fulfills these requirements in any satisfactory measure. According to the testimony of disinterested men who have studied the question, it does not; and everything seems to indicate that this is due to Church control and Church opposition to putting the school system on a proper basis as a regular department of the Government.

The other instance where the Church exercises a very powerful control with similar retrogressive results, is in the case of the French-Canadian Press. Nor is this influence always restricted to French publications. All Montrealers know that it was the action of the Catholic Church over twenty years ago, which caused the crippling of a Montreal daily newspaper, then the most influential in the city. This journal, which always took a very decided stand in religious questions, offended the prejudices of some of the ecclesiastical authorities. It was denounced from the pulpit and the faithful forbidden to read it. The result was an immediate slump in circulation, from which the paper in question never fully recovered. Its position as the leading English evening paper was taken by a rival; and that rival has shown its consciousness of the causes of its advance by an extreme scrupulousness in all matters relating to the Irish Catholics of Montreal, and the Roman Church generally.

If such an immediate and powerful effect as this could be obtained in the case of a big English daily newspaper, judge what must be the power of the Church over those publications which appeal exclusively to French-Canadians—and, therefore, Catholics. For anyone who knows the newspaper conditions of such a city as Montreal, for instance, there can be no question of the existence of this control and its continual exercise. There is not a French newspaper in Montreal, however powerful it may be, that dare oppose the Church on any question in which that institution is interested. In the case of the country papers this control is naturally much more complete, and amounts to the practical suppression of the right of free discussion in a number of questions. Time was when the Church tried to direct political activity in this way, and to suppress papers that dared oppose her views, as during the Manitoba School agitation. But those days have passed. She no longer interferes so openly in politics. But in other directions her power is undiminished, and she has exercised it freely in the matter of the public school system of the province, as is shown by her action against La Semaine. This is a rather unfortunate situation, but it is difficult to see how it can be remedied. A change of public opinion is the only solution; but these changes are not easily effected—especially in Quebec.

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A CORRESPONDENT writing to SATURDAY NIGHT suggests that the hundred years of peace between the United States and Canada be commemorated by the issue of a special set of postage stamps, both governments, of course, entering into the programme. The suggestion is worthy of careful consideration. Our correspondent points out (his letter is to be found in another column) that such a plan, properly carried out, would be both simple and effective. It would in the first place appeal to the young and growing generations in both Canada and the United States; and it would, perhaps, most readily bring before both youth and old age the joys and lasting benefits of peace and quiet living. At the moment we are gorging ourselves upon battleships and armies. The heroes that stand out before us are admirals and generals. The Prince of Peace, alas, is not in fashion.

It is time we had an antidote for all this war talk. Let some Minister of the Crown be sent upon a peaceful mission. Let him confer with the Federal authorities at Washington and see what can be done toward fittingly commemorating this hundred years of peace. Let us do something to soften and neutralize the spirit of the age. Let us do something besides talk of licking some one, or the possibilities of someone licking us.

Through a piece of blundering stupidity, now very generally regretted by men of all stations in life in that country, the United States has been forced into the war game. She must build and maintain a large navy for the defense of territory thousands of miles away from her home base. She must perforce fit her men for this navy, the consequence being that she finds the Rush-Bagot Convention irksome. Pretty soon we will have our plans equally well laid. We will have a fleet, good, bad or indifferent, on the Great Lakes, on the St. Lawrence and off the Nova Scotia coast. We have no particular use for them there, and in the event of war Great Britain would probably be forced to send a fleet of Dreadnoughts to take care of them. But what of that. We must build and man warships. It's the spirit of the age. Before we know it we will be advocating the abrogation of the Rush-Bagot Convention ourselves. We will want to roll armour plate at the Soo, and having rolled the armour plate we will want to fit it into a ship's hull. This will necessitate at least one naval dockyard on the Great Lakes.

The Rush-Bagot Convention will have become an incident in the history of the Continent; it will have passed into oblivion.

Let's do something, if we can, to cement this friendship of a century, even if it is cemented with nothing more substantial than a postage stamp!

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THERE is one point in favor of the Lloyd-George Budget which even its most violent detractors must admit; and that is the tendency which it has to sober up the Scottish nation. The budget which is still being talked and argued over, has now the force of law as regards raising prices, the consequence being that the thrifty Scot has already cut down the flow of booze, and as a result arrests for drunkenness north of the Tweed are on the decrease.

According to recently compiled statistics the drinking of hard liquors in Scotland is on the wane, beer it is said taking its place to a large extent, and as the latter beverage does not tend to so tangle up one's feet and intellect the net result is fewer arrests and convictions for drunkenness.

The Budget resolutions which increased the cost of whisky were passed on April 29. In May 1908 the arrests for drunkenness in Scotland numbered 4,361. In May 1909 they numbered 2,965. In June 1909 the number of over-stimulated Scots who fell into the hands of the police dropped by 34 per cent. as compared with the figure for June 1908. The committals to prison show the same healthy falling off as the arrests.

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MOLSONS BANK has just issued an order that none of its clerks are to enter the holy bonds of matrimony on salaries of less than $1,200 per year. Up to the present the rule has been to compel its young men to stick to bachelorhood unless the salary was $1,000 annually. Other banks follow the same plan, the limit in the case of the Bank of Montreal being, I believe, $1,200 also. In the case of the Molsons it is explained that the limit is advanced by $200 on account of the increased cost of living. What puzzles me, however, is how a bank clerk is going to dress himself and his wife, and live as bank clerks are presumed to live on $100 per month. Bank clerks in the first place are presumed to be "sasiety" luminaries, which reminds one of the story of the "justout" at the party.

"Do you know Ibsen?" asked the literary man who was trying to make himself agreeable.

"What bank is he in?" was the young lady's response.

As a matter of fact, however, young men in this age ordinarily enter a bank with the serious idea of making it a life profession, and not because it is presumed to bring along with it any special social privileges; but the chief difficulty is the small pay doled out to these bank clerks, in comparison to what they would earn in corresponding positions of trust in other professions and employments.

For instance, the pay of the average trusted employee of a department store, a buyer or the manager of a department would make the annual stipend of a ledger keeper or a paying teller look very small indeed. In large factories, mechanics who have brains and not air spaces in their top pieces, are gathering in larger wads of money than are the average bank clerks of superior grade.

One sometimes marvels at the abnormally large earnings of Canadian banks, but when the comparatively small salary of the average clerk is taken into consideration, coupled with the extraordinary money-making privileges which our banking system gives, the reason is not far to seek. The only wonder is that under the circumstances, sufficient men of character and competency can be found to man the desks.

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STRANGE as it may seem there are some objections to being a king. Even being the ruler of a great Empire such as Britain has its drawbacks. For instance, being a king is no job for a lazy man. I was glancing over the list of engagements kept by His Majesty King Edward since the beginning of May, most of which were functions of State, and have come to the conclusion that Edward VII. is about the hardest worked man in the Kingdom. Here are a few of the many, so one may judge for himself:—Visits to Wellington and Rugby, opening new buildings of Birmingham University, also opening new buildings of the Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington; laying the foundation stone of the Imperial College of Science; more foundation stones at the King's Hospital at Dulwich, attended the Royal Agricultural Society's Show at Gloucester, reviewed the West Lancashire Territorials at Knowsley, and the East Lancashire Territorials at Worsley, received an address at Liverpool, inspected the Honorable Artillery Company, and received the boys of the Greenwich Royal Hospital School at Buckingham Palace; reviewed the London Fire Brigade in Hyde Park; four-

teen week-end visits to country houses; attended both the Military Tournament and the Horse Show at Olympia, received the visiting members of the Russian Duma, a deputation from the Turkish Parliament, and the members of the Imperial Press Conference, found time to manifest his usual interest in the opera and drama, was present at the customary Court functions, paid many visits to friends, and at the Epsom Summer Meeting—memorable for the popular jubilation over the "Royal Derby"—and at Newmarket, Ascot, Sandown Park, and Goodwood showed that his pleasure in sport was in no way abated. After the brilliant week which renewed the glories of Cowes, His Majesty retired to the "cure" at Marienbad, and no wonder.

Imagine for a moment the yards and yards of dry speeches that His Majesty was forced to listen to with smiling grace. Then take into consideration the reams and reams of addresses that were read and then presented, and the tons of bouquets that were given to Her Majesty at the same time.

It's bad enough over here when we open a town hall or a court house once or twice in a life time. But what if we had it day in and day out.

Yes, there are easier things than being a King.

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COMPLYING with the request of two gentlemen, who I believe have a trifle up on the point, I append the political standing of the Canadian House of Commons. It is now:

Liberals, 134; Conservatives, 84; giving a Liberal majority of 50. But there is a vacant seat in Strathcona, Alberta, caused by the death of Dr. McIntyre and Sir Wilfrid Laurier represents Ottawa as well as Quebec East, so there may be considered to be two vacancies, and if you deduct the Speaker it leaves the Liberal majority at 47.

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THE question of introducing short sermons on baseball grounds on Sunday, just previous to the umpire's call to "play ball," is being seriously discussed in the United States. Dr. Bruce Barton is the author of the idea, and in the Home Herald of Chicago he makes the suggestion.

"What an audience; what a magnificent audience, and all wasted!" he says, and he goes on to picture the results in the following language:—

"It is unique, I admit—startling, even. We should be horrified at first to see flaming posters announcing 'Cubs vs. Giants. Drs. Jones, Smith, Rabbi Goldstein, and Father Murphy will speak.' But looked at from the viewpoint of Him who came to save that which was lost, so far we can gain His viewpoint, it does not seem to me irreverent. I can imagine the same crowd, as the practice went on, sitting quiet while the band played 'What a Friend We Have in Jesus,' and then bending forward, with much craning of necks and here and there a snicker, as, away down in front, a man arose to speak. A little man would spoil it. It would have to be some one big, like Charles Parkhurst, or Frank Gunsaulus, or John Balcom Shaw, or Robert Burdette.

"The sermon would be short, hurried, perhaps, and there would be many to scoff. But if there be any virtue in the simple presentation of the message, if street-preaching and evangelism have any justification, then there is justification for this. The preachers could even afford to risk being advertised as an added attraction, if they might but have access to that crowd. I do not ask that there be any prayer, though a baseball crowd is surely no more irreverent than a political convention. Simply the brief talk and the hymn—the hasty planting and a little watering. Would all the seed be lost? This is no discussion of the morality of Sunday baseball. I know that for me and the men with whom I associate, it is wrong. They can go on Saturday afternoon; they can go whenever they desire. But for the man who sweats and toils during the week in a shop and has no other time, I hesitate to decide. This I feel sure of, that if it be a choice between the ball park and the saloon for him, then the ball park is a positive blessing. The attack on the game by the Church has not been a success, and it is not certain after all that the saloon has not more reason to attack it than the Church. If that be so, there must be some element of good in it.

"Jesus went into the synagogs on the Sabbath because all the people gathered there, people who spent the week in the out-of-doors. I am not sure—and I say it reverently—that if He should come to-day to a race which is stifled in hot factories and over sticky desks during the week, that even the Son of Man would not follow the crowd to the bleachers and stand before them for a few moments to proclaim the love of God. I know it would grieve Him that so many allow Sunday after Sunday to pass without ever a thought of their Creator. But would He stand on the steps of His synagog while the crowd flocks by, and denounce them for it? Or would He carry that thought to them, where they are?"

Dr. Barton concludes as follows: "I have sat in the ball park on a week-day afternoon, and seen the thousands pour in to fill the seats on both sides of the field. And I have pictured the sight to myself as it must appear on Sunday—for I do not attend on Sunday—the nerve-worn, air-hungry crowd of men and women and children, leaning eagerly forward to watch every move on the diamond, filling their lungs with pure air as they watch. . . . What might not a reformer or a political leader or a preacher do, could he speak his message, no matter how short, to that crowd? The thought has seemed almost an inspiration. Uptown the churches are half-filled in the morning and empty in the afternoon, while pastors return to their homes, tired, not so much by the effort as by the apparent failure of the effort. There is good music and brilliant preaching, and still the people fail to come. But here are the people. Why does no one come to them?"

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THERE is one thing to be said for Montreal. Its tax rate is lower than any city in Canada, save one, Guelph, Ont. It might also be added that the condition of Montreal's streets, sidewalks and lanes clearly indicate the fact that taxes are low. However, the citizens are hardly to be blamed, for rightly enough they reason that the Aldermen are due to graft a certain percentage anyhow, and the more the citizens pay in taxes the bigger the rake-off for the Aldermen.

Every mean, low device that a band of cunning grafters can think of is now being utilized in that city to defeat, if possible, the better element in its campaign for improved civic government. Frantic appeals are being made by these Aldermen and their friends to the workingmen. They are told that if Montreal is governed by a commission or a board of control, there will be no work for the poor man. Other arguments put forward are of a piece with the above and indicate clearly how desperately afraid are these men of losing their jobs as Aldermen. And the worst of it is that just such reasoning as this, combined with a perfect knowledge of the population to which it will appeal, has a material effect upon a goodly share of the voters.

The Royal Commission, presided over by Mr. Justice Cannon, has unearthed sufficient evidence to place this gang of civic highwaymen in jail, but it is very doubtful if any of them ever get there; indeed, I would be less surprised to find some re-elected to the City Council.

One would naturally presume that these "boodle" Aldermen, who have been caught in the very act of giving out tenders with rake-offs as the special feature, would naturally go hide their heads somewhere. But nothing of the kind. In the very midst of the proceedings of the Cannon Commission, when it is day by day being conclusively proven that the "middle-men" are getting the lion's share of the profits in paving contracts, and that moreover the prices demanded are anywhere from twenty to thirty-five per cent. higher than is being paid for like paving in Toronto and other cities, these same Aldermen, fight openly for the high tenders. What can be done with a crowd like that? Their shame is on a level with their morals. Qualities minus in both cases.

This crowd have old Bill Tweed and his gang of New York highwaymen beaten to a standstill. Tweed, at least endeavored to hide when found out, and a Montreal Alderman won't even do that.

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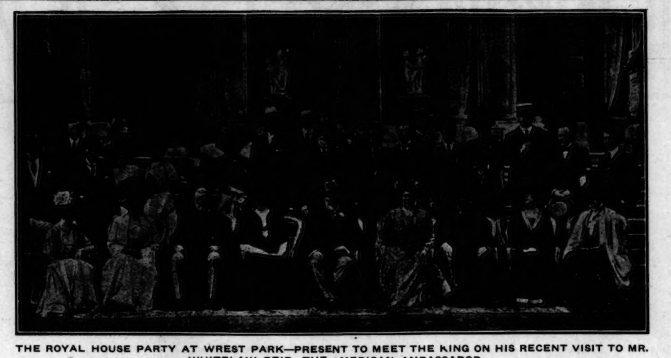
LT. COL. JOHN POLLEN, honorary secretary of the East Indian Association, at present travelling through Canada in company with an Indian Prince, states in a recent interview that he considered the hanging of Dhinagri in London, for the killing of Sir Curzon Wyllie, to have been a serious blunder. If Lt. Col. Pollen is correct in stating that Dhinagri was unquestionably insane, and the general demeanor of the now dead and gone Indian would naturally lead to this conclusion, there is every reason to believe that the ordinarily even handed, open minded British court overstepped the mark in bringing this man to the scaffold. If it is generally believed and proven as Col. Pollen states, that Dhinagri was insane, then the action of the Government in hanging him has made a serious affair out of a comparatively trivial matter. The death of this crazy Indian could in no way benefit the dead Wyllie nor bring him back to life, while upon the other hand it gives the Indian agitators excellent opportunity to further their own plans. As a "hero" who died for a "cause," the name of Dhinagri will be venerated for years to come among his countrymen; while Dhinagri the crazy Indian, safely away in a prison for the criminal insane, would soon have been forgotten.

THE COLONEL.



THE ROYAL HOUSE PARTY AT WREST PARK—PRESENT TO MEET THE KING ON HIS RECENT VISIT TO MR. WHITELAW REID, THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR

The names, reading from left to right, are: Back row—The Hon. George Keppel, the Master of Kinnaird, Colonel Streatfeild, Miss Rogers, Mrs. Ogden Mills, Miss Carter, Lady Alastair Innes-Ker, Marquis de Soveral, Mr. Ogden Reid, the American Ambassador, the Austrian Ambassador, the Spanish Ambassador, Hon. Henry Lygon, Earl of Gosford, Hon. John Ward, Mrs. Arthur James, Mr. Ridgley Carter, Hon. William Walsh, Mr. Arthur James; front row—Hon. Mrs. John Ward, Hon. Mrs. George Keppel, Lord St. John, Georgina Countess of Dudley, the King, Mrs. Whitlaw, Reid, Mr. D. O. Mills, Madame Villa Urrutia, and the Countess of Gosford.

One Hundred Years of Peace.

Editor Saturday Night:

Dear Sir:—When suggestions are being made for some tangible way by which the United States and Canada can commemorate the century of peace, the primary object should be to plan something far-reaching and not merely of a local nature or something which would mean the benefiting of any particular locality in as far as its practical results may be concerned.

The plan should be at once simple and effective in form. Something that will appea to and interest the whole public of the two countries immediately concerned. Something that will invite a thought from other peoples in foreign lands as well, the sacredness and beauty of nations living side by side in peace and amity for a century.

In any such undertaking, the great importance of it as an educative idea especially to the young and growing generations, should not be overlooked. It is just as important—if not greater—for the children in the home circle to understand and see what it is all about, as it might be for an adult to go on an excursion to the border to see a peace monument unveiled or a free bridge opened for traffic over the Niagara.

How would this suggestion appeal to Saturday Night and its many readers? Suppose that each government issue stamps of all denominations simultaneously and for a certain length of time, how eagerly will they be sought as a souvenir by every one as denoting something of unusual importance. This would be a pleasing medium of mutual exchange of sentiment and good will that could not fail in its meaning and influence. Each letter will bear the message of joy and peace alike to the highest and humblest citizen.

To add to this, it would be equally interesting and pleasant were a certain denomination of the coin of the respective realms issued, with a fitting inscription and design, and retaining its commercial value.

Simple as this may appear, yet I venture there can be scarcely a plan of commemoration of the event that will touch the responsive side of human nature and appeal to the higher ideals more forcibly than this. Let both old and young have an opportunity not only of carrying the "Peace" when the time comes, but send it to friends and relatives wherever they may be.

As a design for the stamps, I would suggest that two figures representing the citizen of the U. S. and the Canadian, should be seen bearing the olive branch to the Goddess of Peace.

Yours truly,
F. A. LOFT.

110 Pembroke St.
Toronto.

Christian Science Again.

Toronto, Aug. 24, 1909.

Editor Saturday Night:

Dear Sir:—Permit me to say a word or two in reply to your New York correspondent who states, in your issue of Aug. 14, that the by-law forbidding teachers and practitioners of Christian Science from having their rooms in branch churches, is regarded in New York "as a direct blow at Mrs. Stetson, leader of First Church of Christ, Scientist in this city, and possible successor to Mrs. Eddy's mantle, should she ever drop it." This sentence is notable for the amount of misinformation which it manages to convey, showing the writer to be quite at sea with regard to facts.

To begin with, who, in New York, regards this by-law as a blow at Mrs. Stetson? Not Christian Scientists certainly, and what others think about it, matters but little, for they know nothing of the situation and their opinions are, consequently, valueless. The fact is that this by-law is recognized by Christian Scientists everywhere as a wise solution of a situation which has been, for years, a debatable point in branch churches in many parts of the country. Christian Scientists are not now, and never were, as much concerned with what outside critics think of the movement, as they are interested in having facts known. It might be added (and this is well known to all Christian Scientists), that branch churches of Christian Science do not have "leaders," and also that Mrs. Eddy will have no successor in her work as Founder of Christian Science.

The simple facts of the matter in regard to Mrs. Della M. Gilbert, who is designated as "an over ambitious local leader," are that she circulated certain untrue statements concerning Mrs. Eddy and otherwise disobeyed the by-laws, in consequence of which she was dropped from the membership roll, as anyone else would have been under similar circumstances.

With regard to the concluding paragraph that Christian Scientists "believe in the strength of spiritual government, wherein each becomes a law to himself—spiritually speaking," it is only necessary to say that Christian Scientists not only believe this, but have proved it many times, and if your correspondent has "no idea what this means," thousands of intelligent people all over this country and the United States do know what it means, and your correspondent has, evidently, something to learn yet.

Very truly yours,
J. M. JACKSON.

Pure Food Laws.

Toronto, Aug. 21, 1909.

Editor Saturday Night:

Dear Sir:—In two recent issues of your paper we have had articles on the food question. It is the opinion of the writer, among many of your readers, that this is a question and subject of greater importance than any other. Your writings on the subject, like those of all writers, end just where they should begin. The reports of the so-called investigating committees call our attention to the fact that the every-day foods are not pure and then they go on to say that a certain percentage are really harmful and a certain amount unfit for food, and right there they end. Newspapers circulate these reports, adding their own remarks and that is the end of it all. If "A" puts up poisoned food, we have a right to know it. Why should he, or anybody else be protected? If "B" puts up for sale coffee that is not coffee, why should I not know it? Is it because it might operate against "A's" or "B's" success and profits? Surely the health of our children is of far greater importance than the material disbenefit profits of any individual.

Yours very truly,
J. E. MORGAN.

[NOTE.—In reference to the above I would call the attention of the writer to the fact that SATURDAY NIGHT has not only spoken against this distribution of impure foods, but has again and again requested the Federal authorities to pass pure food laws, such as are now in force in the United States. At the moment there is no process of law by which these Canadian manufacturers and distributers of adulterated foods can be either fined or imprisoned. At the moment the Federal authorities are helpless in the matter. They can do little else than call attention to these adulterations in their reports. The rest must be left to our law makers at Ottawa.—THE EDITOR.]

British Attitude Toward Canadians.

Editor Saturday Night:

During my recent visit in Britain I could not but be impressed with the change of sentiment in my centres of the country towards individual Canadians. On former visits, to announce oneself as a Canadian was to be welcomed as "one of the family." This attitude has changed, and when one now says he is a Canadian he often gets that cold British stare and the remark: "Oh! you are from Canada, are you?" This makes one feel a little uncomfortable, and he quietly investigates into the cause of this change in the warmth of the paternal, maternal and fraternal greeting. It would seem that the rift in the lute was made some four years ago, when the Canadian Manufacturers' Association visited Britain and individually and collectively criticised and ridiculed many, if not all of the methods and modes of British industry and commerce. Then about the same time the press of Canada threw open its pages and filled its columns with a lot of senseless rubbish relating to England and Englishmen. The social and economic problems with which modern conditions have confronted not only Britain but the whole world, more or less, in varying degrees, have been attributed by an ignorant people and superficial press to the stagnation, decadence or degeneracy of England. Such ebullitions of narrow bigotry and conceit, accompanied with such monumental assertiveness have done not a little to bring Canadians into disrepute and to attach to them an undesirable notoriety. John Bull, however, is one of the most genial and forbearing of "Governors" and is making a great deal of allowance for the know-it-all attitude of his youthful, robust and hustling progeny.

Still, if the progeny thinks he is indispensable to the "Old man," the "Old man" might have to tell him a thing or two. One of these things is that when the clash comes between Britain and Germany and Austria the friendship and normal trade of the United States of America will be of infinitely more value to him than that of Canada. The British food supply would be perfectly secure under the Stars and Stripes, while under the "Canadian" flag it would not be able to get nearer to him than the mouth of the St. Lawrence if that far. In a word if Britain ever has to be protected and saved, it will be America and not Canada who will do it. Selfish and arrogant dictatorialness may be and often is pardonable in youth but ignorant conceit never.

This question is really a subject for a magazine article. But as I have not the time to deal with it in that way, I am sending it to you for discussion. I have been a reader of Saturday Night since its first issue and it invariably says the right thing in the right way and at the right time to reach all the people and make them do some thinking.

Yours truly,
M. D.

Hamilton, Aug. 20, 1909.

Neighbors of the famous State institution, Sing Sing prison, do not like the name and its association with a place of residence, and after a long struggle the name of the town has been changed to Ossining, which was the original name of the Indians, from "Ossin" (a stone) and "ing" (a place), and it is very appropriate. Sintsinck, from which Sing Sing is a corruption, was also applied to the same locality by the Mohicans. The Indians sold all of this strip along the river to Frederick Phillips in 1685, and the purchase was confirmed by the Dutch West India Company in 1693.

The University of Paris has announced two gifts in the interests of aviation. The first is $100,000, with an annual subvention of $3,000, from Henry Deutsche de la Meurthe for the foundation of a department of technical aeronautics, including studies and researches of whatever form. The second is $140,000, from Basil Zakaroff, a Greek resident of Paris, for the foundation of a chair of aviation.

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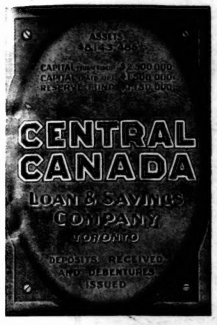

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THE INVESTOR

TORONTO MONTREAL

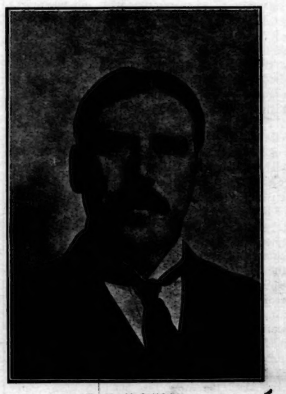
MONTREAL, AUGUST 26, 1909.

SOME men seem fated to be always in the spot light—no matter where they move, it somehow follows them. Of such is Francis H. McGuigan, now of Toronto, and formerly of Montreal and other places. That which is always happening is not accidental; from which we might conclude that Mr. McGuigan is not an accident, but that the constant association of his name with big enterprises is an indication of the quality of the man. If confirmation be needed, one has but to make enquiry around the Grand Trunk offices, here, to be pretty well convinced that whatever happened in that mysterious affair over in St. Louis, a few years ago, the Great Northern Railway, and not F. H. McGuigan, was the greater loser because of the disagreement.

⁂

A New Job for McGuigan.

The spot light shows us Mr. McGuigan, at the present time, as the possible head of the new Lake Superior Corporation. In fact, the statement was made that the matter had been settled, but later advices on the same topic are to the effect that Mr. F. H. Clergue declared there was no possibility of Mr. McGuigan accepting the position of manager of the Algoma Steel Company. If one were to interpret every announcement literally, it might readily be that both statements were correct. The Algoma Steel Co. is, after all, but a portion of the Superior Corporation, fully a dozen other concerns of one nature or another being also embraced in the Corporation. It was not as manager of any of these subsidiary companies that Mr. McGuigan's name was mentioned, but as head of the great, big forty-million-dollar corporation. Possibly Mr. Clergue meant to deny the story in toto, and, as a matter of fact, the feeling in well informed circles in Montreal seems to be that there is no reason to suppose that any arrangement has been arrived at.



F. H. McGUIGAN,
who may take hold of the "Soo" company.

⁂

$25,000 a Year.—A possible explanation of the report that Mr. McGuigan would become head of the Corporation—the salary for which position was said to be $25,000 per year—is found in another commission which I am assured Mr. McGuigan has undertaken. Among the subsidiary companies of the Lake Superior Corporation, is the Algoma Central Railway. It seems that some of the English shareholders of the reorganized Corporation are desirous of obtaining further information regarding the Algoma Central Railway, a not unnatural curiosity which does credit to them and should be applauded by all good friends of Mr. McGuigan who, it is said, gets the job of reporting on the matter—and gets well paid for the job, too, in all probability. Whether his employment to report on the present condition of the road, and its outlook for the future, is a forerunner of increased activity in the Algoma Central Railway, or not, is for the future to decide. Meantime, in the absence of a better explanation for the rumor under discussion, it may readily be that Mr. McGuigan's association with an important branch of the Corporation, in the capacity mentioned, may have given rise to the story that he would be at the head of the entire industry.

⁂

Not So Big After All.

Twenty-five thousand dollars per year is rather more salary than the most of us would know how to draw—that is, it would be if we were really conscientious. Not being conscientious, for the most part, we would manage somehow to get it into our jeans. The subsequent proceedings would probably make interesting reading. Roughly speaking, $25,000 per year is $500 per week, whereas $500 per year is slightly in excess of the sum which placed our fathers in affluence and allowed them to get married and accumulate a large and husky family. But the world is "moving some," for an offer of $25,000 per year wouldn't raise McGuigan's enthusiasm a jot. In fact, it might even plunge him into despondency. How would you like to have your salary cut down about a third? Well, it's likely that that is about the way poor McGuigan would feel; for, to have to take $25,000 per year would mean a reduction of a little matter of $10,000 per year, as compared with his last job. And it was no fool either that paid him $35,000 a year, but Jas. J. Hill, probably the ablest railway man in America. Oh what a cinch—35,000 a year—$700 a week—$100 a day.

⁂

McGuigan and Hill.

When McGuigan left that job there was more talk than when Kaiser Bill dropped his Pilot. Why he left it cannot be general knowledge until this day, for I can't even pick up a hint. It was exceedingly interesting, however, to read that story of the interview between Louis W. Hill and Francis H. McGuigan, in which the latter was made to administer several physical rebukes to Louis W. before he drew his final cheque. A loyal Grand Trunk man was heard to remark, "McGuigan could do it too,' but I am told by a very close friend of Mr. McGuigan that he was the last man in the world to do that kind of thing, being, in fact, too diplomatic to allow matters to get to that pass. However that may be, there is little doubt that had James J. Hill continued in the position of president of the Great Northern, instead of resigning in favor of his son, Mr. McGuigan would still be occupying the position of chief vice-president of the road and drawing that fine, fat, salary.

⁂

Came from the U.S.

F. H. McGuigan came over here from the United States with Charles Hays, to fix up the Grand Trunk, back around 1896. He was placed in direct charge of the operation of the property, his being the transportation and maintenance department. While here he brought to a satisfactory conclusion the double tracking of the road, and was *a* main factor, i f not *the* main factor, in placing the road in its present splendid position, as respects operation. He is now a man of close to sixty years of age, big in physique and in mental capacity, and, although I spent several hours over at the Grand Trunk offices, recently, trying to get someone to say something bad about him, I met with complete and overwhelming failure. Not long since, the officials of the company showed their appreciation of his abilities by appointing him as their representative under the Conciliation Act to settle a dispute between the Grand Trunk Pacific and certain employes in the West. In addition to acting as expert in various capacities for which his long railway experience has fitted him, he is president of the McGuigan Construction Co., which undertook the building of the Ontario hydro-transmission line from Niagara Falls. He formed this company shortly after his return to Canada after the famous disagreement with Louis W. Hill, when he threw up his job and that fine, fat salary. That's what worries me—how he could bear to give up that fine, fat salary.

T. C. A.

⁂

TORONTO, AUGUST 26.

An increasing demand for capital is to be expected at this particular season of the year, and it is a matter of considerable moment to many borrowers whether the supply will be sufficient to keep the market at normal rates or otherwise. An unusually large amount of currency will be required this season. This is evident from the general prosperity, along with expectations of bumper crops and high prices. Bankers seem to expect a larger note circulation this autumn than ever before, but they have no apprehension as to their capacity for supplying the needed requirements. The "emergency" note circulation provision of the banking act may be tested. It must be remembered that before the new clause was enacted, every bank with numerous branches feared to approach too close to its authorized limit of issue, because of the liability to fine if the limit of circulation should be unwittingly exceeded. All fear on such a score may now be dispelled. Each institution may now pay out its notes freely as they are wanted, and if the ordinary limit is passed (provided it is within the prescribed season) the only penalty involved will be the interest payment to the government on the excess issue, which may be 4 per cent. and cannot exceed 5 per cent. per annum. It will be remembered that the extra circulation that may be issued over and above the amount of paid-up capital, must not exceed 15 per cent. of combined capital and "rest." The expansion in circulation during the four months of July, August, September and October is greater than for any other period of the year. The increase last year for these months amounted to $15,500,000, but it is not improbable that there may be an expansion of $20,000,000 this year, with a possibility of even $25,000,000. Should the increase reach the latter amount, the outstanding bank note circulation will exceed the total paid-up capital of the banks, and many of them, through necessity, would be obliged to take advantage of the "emergency" clause of the act, which we have just referred to.

⁂

Gold Imports.

Our banks continue to cut down the large reserves they hold abroad. Recent engagements of gold in New York for Canada amount to $2,000,000, and they are likely to be comparatively heavy before the movement terminates. The demand for money in Canada is shown by the further extension of both commercial and "call" loans. In July these loans in Canada increased over $6,500,000, while the foreign loans of the same banks decreased a little over a million for the same month. Banking conditions show a striking contrast within the period of two years. A year ago, in the matter of commercial loans, the bank statement showed a contraction of $56,000,000 as compared with July, 1907. On the other hand, this year's July statement reflects an increase of $13,549,000 in commercial discounts as compared with a year ago, and an increase of $14,135,000 in loans to domestic brokers, chiefly "on call." The figures indicate a complete change for the better, and it is an indisputable fact that confidence has again been fully restored. All classes of loans made by our banks now aggregate over $742,000,000, this being an increase of $96,000,000 within the past twelve months. Deposits still go on increasing. During the month of July alone, purely Canadian deposits increased about $7,500,000, while during the past twelve months the deposits show the heavy increase of $121,000,000.

⁂

Stocks Steady.

The liquidation in American stocks the past week has not been followed by any declines of consequence in Canadian securities. A halt, however, has been called, but no pressure through the marketing of stocks, has taken place. The people were not loaded up with securities, which are still in the hands of strong men. The easy condition of the money market is responsible for this. There is no manipulation to speak of, and the comparatively good return on Canadian investments is a source of strength to the market. Call loans have been made as low as 4 per cent. While some advance on this may be expected within the next two months, there is little evidence of stiff rates which would limit speculation to any extent.

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"What do you s'pose it is dat is over crowdin' the cities?" asked Meandering Mike.

"I dunno," answered Plodding Pete, "unless it's dis habit farmers is gittin' into of advertisin' fur harvest hands."
—Washington Star.

Expanding Trade.

The foreign trade of the country continues to expand, and the high record of two years ago is likely to be equalled in 1909-10. The total foreign trade of Canada in July reached $56,250,000, an increase of $7,500,000 when compared with the same month of last year. Our exports showed the large increase of $9,500,000, and our imports increased $7,500,000. For the four months of the present fiscal year, the aggregate trade reached $191,919,304. This includes exports valued at $73,398,595, which is an increase of $6,193,500. The imports were relatively larger. These have been greatly stimulated by our recent flotations of securities in London. Total imports for consumption into Canada for the four months ended July 31st were $111,791,000, an increase of $22,377,000 as compared with the same period of last year.

***

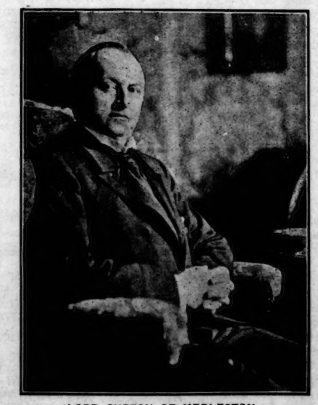
U. S. Capital in Canada.

A return, which will be interesting to Canadians, has been made by the United States Consul at Owen Sound, covering the principal manufacturing establishments in Canada which are branches of United States concerns. In all, 128 are given, most of them large companies. Toronto has the largest number—no less than 43. This is followed by Montreal, with 18; Hamilton, with 11, Windsor 8, Walkerville 6, Niagara Falls 5, St. Catharines and Welland 4 each, and Chatham, London, Sault Ste. Marie 3 each. The aggregate capital is said to exceed $125,000,000, and the activity covers pretty much every line of manufacture.

The tariff gets the chief credit for effecting these gains, but some of the American newcomers state that the tariff is by no means the sole consideration. A combination of circumstances induced them to take action. They had arrived at the opinion that the Canadian market was at the beginning of a big expansion and wished to be right on the ground to take advantage of it. Also, they had noticed that their Canadian customers evinced a strong disposition, other things being equal, to favor articles made in Canada. Then they found that there were in the Dominion a number of excellent manufacturing sites from which all the great distributing centres could be reached by water-borne freights; and that they could, before shipment, get freight quotations from the railroads definitely fixing the cost of transportation to almost every little shipping point in the country.

The Magazine in Poetry.

In an interesting article on American Poetry in the August Forum, Mr. Brian Hooker calls attention to the influence of magazines on poetic production. The important material factor in the situation, he says, is, of course, the Magazine: and its influence both for and against our poetry is dominant and not to be avoided. In the first place, it concentrates endeavor upon short lyrics of less than thirty lines. These it uses as "fillers" for pages left partly blank in its prose make-up; and it seldom accepts anything else unless for some extraneous cause. We see, therefore, very few long poems, or even of the average medium length of most great lyrics—an arbitrary and somewhat onerous restriction. To the maker of small lyrics, however, and to the rising artist, the large and easy market of the magazine is a great help. He need not struggle unread until he can produce a volume: he can sell his work little by little for immediate returns in money and in reputation, and circulate it far more widely than he could hope to circulate his book. Moreover, he can always republish in book form. On the other hand, the Magazine is frankly journalism: it is read and tossed aside; its support is advertising made valuable by circulation; the merit of its contributions is in many cases only incidental to their acceptance; and its care for poetry is largely the mere negative requirement of harmlessness. This naturally tends toward perfunctory and dishonest work. Yet the familiar sneer at "Magazine verse" is hardly half deserved; and a little study of the Annuals and Magazines of half a century since would open the eyes of the scoffer. He would find in them here and there a poem which has lived, swamped under an average of such bathos as nowadays hardly reaches print. Until recently, American poetry was in form and manner about fifty years behind the contemporary development of the English; now the two are abreast, and our own falls behind only in merit. Moreover, the average of present magazine verse is not far below the average work of our best men before the war: it is only too near and too familiar for us to appreciate. This work is typified among recent volumes by the new collection of Theodosia Garrison. She is too often uninspired, and therefore fancifully decorative in lieu of imagination; her poems are of magazine brevity and magazine innocuousness; she lacks the sparkle of inevitable phrase whereby genius is made manifest. But she has consistently good workmanship, native lyrical quality, and a strong normal feeling of things, right and sweet as the popular feeling is always right and sweet, despite the vagaries of that strange myth, the popular intelligence. It is rather significant that the best poem she ever wrote—"The King's Chamber"—was originally printed in a magazine of cleverness, and is here tucked away at the end of the volume as though the bright brave passion of it were obnoxious to the Cheek of the Young Person.



LORD CURZON OF KEDLESTON,
Whose recent speeches suit the Conservative Party nicely, and who is expected to play a prominent role in the next British election.

After-Vacation Reflections

When a man returns home from a vacation spent in the woods and passes from a thronged and noisy railway station to streets crowded with hurrying people with lined, set faces—how foolish it all seems to him! For weeks he has not seen anyone working or worrying. He has not heard an opinion advanced or a scheme discussed, except those concerning the weather or fishing or a boat. He has thought nothing and heard nothing about money or ambition. He has merely tramped and fished and lounged, eating like a horse and sleeping like a mummy, and feeling that life is good indeed to a carefree, healthy human animal. And on the day of his return he does not feel at home in the streets of his own city. The people hurrying past with cold, impassive countenances seem stricken with some strange madness, some spell cast upon them by the Devil of Unrest. But in a day or two the returned holiday-maker will resume his place in the ranks, as faithful a slave as any, perhaps, to the aforesaid devil. But it does a man a tremendous lot of good to periodically let go of his work and the anxieties of his life for a while—to let go of them so entirely that when he takes them up again he can see them in something like a true perspective. The trouble is that very few men can let go, even for a day, of what they consider the vital problems of their lives. Which brings up the old question as to what are the vital problems.

Within a hundred miles of Toronto one can see practically every kind of life lived in the country—a fact comparatively few city people are aware of. Within a hundred miles of Toronto a man can bury himself in the woods—not in the real wilds, of course, but in places where no agricultural work is attempted, and where the few natives have no regular occupation. This present summer, within a hundred miles of Toronto, the writer talked with an old man who has lived for many years alone in a shanty in a certain picturesque spot on the Georgian Bay, and heard him say: "If someone was to offer me a house in Toronto and two hundred dollars a year, I'd rather live here." What are that man's vital problems? Probably you will say he hasn't any, that the poor old fellow is just vegetating, not living at all. Yet there isn't a healthier man in the country, or perhaps—who can tell?—a happier. When he has some slight ailment he goes out and gathers a few roots or leaves and fixes himself up, for there isn't a doctor within ten miles to diagnose his case and prescribe for him. And as for dentists, he probably never visited one in his life. He is not simple either, but shrewd and resourceful in his way. He knows all about the wild things; and, trapping a little in the winter and doing various small stunts in the summer in his old boat, he lives a life as easy and placid as a native of the tropical islands. And wise men of the world in all ages have been attracted by that kind of life. You will remember that magnificent chapter in Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" wherein we have the picture of Amyas Leigh, the mighty Elizabethan sailor captain, being tempted to slough off his splendid manhood and dream his life away amid the langorous beauties of a South American forest. And we have scholars and philosophers to-day who prefer life in the woods, not drawn by any sensuous charm like that which tempted Captain Amyas, but by a simple craving for the simple life.

So much for the man who within a hundred miles of Toronto has no anxieties or ambitions to let go off, who needs no vacation at all. The city holiday-maker returning from such a place passes first through an agricultural district, where, if he is anything of an observer, he can see at a glance "why the young man leaves the farm." The average farmer takes slight pleasure in his work, but little pride in his home, and he seldom or never takes a real vacation. In passing it may be said that the Toronto Exhibition has been a great thing for Ontario farmers in this respect. It has provided them with an excuse for breaking away from the dull and narrow routine of their lives for a few days at least once a year But if every farmer in the country took a real vacation—something to look forward to every year—it would be greatly to the advantage of agriculture in general. There is no class whose occupation, if skillfully pursued, leads so surely to genuine independence. It is the farming community which in this and every country records the bulk of the sane vote at national elections. But if every member of this fine, honest class, broadened his perceptions and lightened his labors by indulging in a regular vacation it would be for his own and his country's good.

Then from the car window the home-coming vacationist sees villages, where life, for those who allow themselves to settle hopelessly in a rut, as the saying is, becomes about the pettiest life of all. Then there is the county town, where one must keep constantly alert to avoid becoming hopelessly provincial. Then more farms, more villages, and at last the shacks that fringe the city. Here dwells another class that is vacationless, but very different from that class in the woods where life is vacationless or one long vacation according to the way one looks at it.

And then the bustling railway station, the noisy streets, and the crowds of lined, strained faces! All the way from the free woods to the protean city one sees people who in various ways are going the wrong way about living. In one direction men seem to have no interest worth while to lay hold of; in another they lay hold too persistently of too many. A young man leaves the country or the village because he is lonely there, because the spirit of the place is too small, because opportunities are too meagre. After a while he begins to sigh for a country home—not too far from his office, of course—but for a country home just the same. But there are quite a lot of fairly happy and contented people in the world after all. One can find them in the woods, on farms, in villages and towns and cities; some of them are poor and some of them are rich. "Who among you," asks the old writer, "is happy, who has his desire, or having it is satisfied?" Well, probably the man or woman here and there who works with enthusiasm, deals honestly with other people, and who above all makes his chief interest an unselfish one, comes nearest to reaching the elusive goal which we all pursue, most of us unwisely and unsuccessfully.

"Platitudes," you say, "dull old platitudes which I have heard and read a thousand times!" Of course. But it isn't a bad thing to reconsider certain platitudes once in a while, especially perhaps just after a vacation, with fifty weeks, more or less, of working and scheming stretching on ahead.

H. W. J.

It's hard to live within one's salary, but there's one consolation—it's harder to live without it.—Herald and Presbyter.

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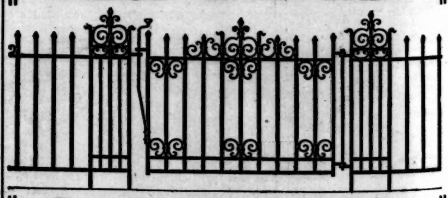

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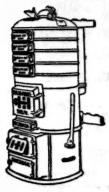

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NOTES from NEW YORK

BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

New York, August 25, 1909.

THE taking of Boston by New York—not seriously of course, New York never did take Boston seriously—but in the game of warfare here troops have played against the troops of Massachusetts for theoretical possession of that intellectual hub provided the news columns with some very near war copy all week. The imaginative war correspondent was there with the soldier, mastering the points of strategy and detailing them with all the consequence of the simon-pure.

Army manoeuvres on a large scale, common enough in Europe and carried out in such countries as Germany and Austria with all the seriousness and earnestness attached to actual warfare, are a new innovation on this side. This was the first trial on American soldiery, and if one may judge from the mutterings of the sorry bedraggled troops that returned from the front yesterday, it may also be the last. Every effort was made to repeat the conditions of actual war even to its hardships. The soldier was fed on army food, slept in his boots, was on duty twenty hours out of the twenty-four, and was on the march at dawn. Hardships that the military authorities overlooked the elements generously supplied. The objective of the mimic warfare was to demonstrate the ability or inability of Massachusetts to defend its coast against an armed invasion. It was assumed that the American navy had been destroyed and that the coast for five miles inland was at the mercy of the guns of a modern fleet. General Bliss headed the New York troops which constituted the attacking party, while Gen. Pew was in charge of the defenders. In the absence of bullets, umpires decided the issue of very engagement and carefully computed the dead and wounded. Every branch of the service was represented, of course, engineers, signal corps, even the balloon and wireless telegraphy playing their little part. On paper at least the illusion of war was perfect.

* * *

THE politicians in and about City Hall are still playing a waiting game. The Mayoralty candidate most frequently mentioned is Judge Gaynor, whose activity in the Duffy case recently brought about the explosion in Police administration. In spite of the fact that his course in that matter led to the downfall of an honest, fearless and independent police commissioner, Justice Gaynor would seem to be the choice of the Independents. Tammany is also said to not look with disfavor on his nomination, and it is quite within the bonds of probability that the famous coup of the second Low campaign, by which he annexed for his own, two of the candidates of the Independents may be repeated in this. In this way the committee of One Hundred, organized for the purpose of overturning the Powers of Darkness, may yet be found working side by side with the prince of that impenetrable region; Tammany is not averse to wearing a parson's coat over his Tiger's stripes on occasion, and this may be one of the occasions.

* * *

THE only real contribution to civic politics is General Bingham's attack on the McClellan administration through the columns of Van Norden's Magazine. In an article headed "Why I Was Removed," the deposed police head bluntly exposes his relations with the Chief Magistrate, and incidentally furnishes some sidelights on the Mayor's character, that to say the least, are not flattering. The inference is very plain; also that his dismissal was brought about because he would not allow the police department to further the political ends of Tammany leaders. Reviewing the steps that led up to his appointment, the article continues:

"The second McClellan administration began auspiciously enough, but it was not long before the recount muddle had put a blight on it. . . . Instead of coming out openly and declaring that he did not want the office unless he had been rightly elected thereto, he took an entirely opposite stand. He impressed me as he must have impressed others, that he felt he was holding on to something to which he feared he might not be entitled. . . . . This light on McClellan's character was a great surprise to me. . . . . But there was a still greater surprise in store for me. . . . . When I took the job of Police Commissioner, the Mayor told me that politics and politicians would not be allowed to interfere with my work. . . . . I soon learned, however, that he did not possess strength of character enough to keep his promise. . . . . When Mayor McClellan began his fight for the leadership of Tammany Hall, he knew full well that his most effective weapon was the power and patronage at his disposal, by virtue of his office. When he tried to use the police I objected. . . . . This may explain the first manifestation of strained relations between us."

A little inside view of police affiliations with politicians follow, the castigation concluding with the Mayor's explanation of his own activity in the matter of moving picture shows: "I am playing a little game to win the ministers."

Altogether, the insight into police workings is not reassuring.

* * *

ELSEWHERE Gen. Bingham tells us that the annual graft bill of New York City can not be less than one hundred million dollars. An amazing sum to be sure and one calculated to shock the moral sense of any normal community. But New York refuses to be shocked. Her moral equanimity remains undisturbed by the appalling revelation. The flicker of a smile might even be noticed passing over her enigmatic countenance as she contemplates the generous proportions of her system. Pessimists we may be of the deepest dye, but we are no "pikers." That is New York's one pride, as it is also her one term of reproach.

* * *

"A VULGAR steal, an ordinary common crook conspiracy" is the District Attorney's description of the Joyce-Heinze loan scandal, now agitating certain lofty financial circles. The president of one trust company has already been indicted for grand larceny by the Grand Jury and the president of the Windsor Trust is, to say the least, unpleasantly implicated in the transaction. Shorn of its many ramifications, the affair narrows down to the theft of 110,000 dollars' worth of copper stock, given as collateral for a loan of 50,000 dollars. The Windsor Trust Co. acted as a clearing agent for the deal, although neither the loan nor the collateral passed through its coffers. Their culpability consists in the knowledge that a commission of $1,000 was being paid for the use of the facilities of the company in a transaction that could be cleared in any brokerage office for ⅛ to ¼ per cent.

The brokers who acted for the borrower and lender, and presumably divided the swag, are also under indictment, as is a prominent financier of Boston. Most of the shady operations disclosed in high finance have, at least, been covered by a glamour of respectability. But the one now under investigation is innocent of any cover of decency whatsoever.

* * *

THE proverb of the "ill wind" has just been verified in another unexpected quarter. Suffragists have been luxuriating for some time at the expense of two rival social leaders. Their handsome suite of rooms in the Metropolitan tower they owe to the aspirations of Mrs. Clarence Mackaye. Not to be outdone in munificence, Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont has now opened her Newport house for the use of a Suffragette rally and with it her famous collection of antiques.

Suffragettes may therefore for the price of admission to the Newport lectures this week, view the wonders of Marble Hall, heretofore sealed from public gaze. As the price of admission is five dollars, the gaze will of course not be too vulgar.

* * *

THE new theatrical season is gradually getting under way. Several theatres have already opened, and four further openings this week will keep the first nighter fully employed. "The Dollar Mark," by George Broadhurst, will open Wallack's; "Detective Sparkes," by Michael Morton, the Garrick; "Is Matrimony a Failure," by Leo Ditrichstein, the Belasco; and "Arsene Lupin," adapted from the French of Francois de Croisset and Maurice Le Blanc, the Lyceum. The popular "hits" of the season so far are two merry farces, "The Florist Shop" and "Billy." In serious effort "The Only Law," mentioned in a former letter, is the most successful. For the new plays just named some very important casts have been selected, and we look forward with some hope to a week of good entertainment.

On Saturday last Miss Edith Wynne Matthison and her husband, Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy, sailed with the Henry Miller party for London, where Mr. Miller will open a season of "The Great Divide," with Miss Matthison in the role of Ruth Jordan. This will be followed by a production of Mr. Kennedy's plays "The Servant in the House," and "The Winterfeast." J. E. W.

An English Writer on Canada.

THOUGH there has been a myriad of English correspondents within our borders during the past ten years engaged in the business of "writing up" Canada, it must not be thought that they are in any sense pioneers in the business. As early as 1844 there was published by A. & C. Black, of Edinburgh, a volume entitled "Views of Canada and the Colonists, by a Four Years' Resident," which resembles in its accounts of Western Ontario towns the vivacious accounts recently given of the centres springing up in the great Northwest which appear constantly there. The author was anonymous, but it was subsequently revealed that his name was Brown, and Chamber's Journal vouched for the fact that he was a "highly respectable person, free from all connections which could produce a bias in his mind in favor of the colony generally, or any of its particular districts."

That sounds bully nowadays doesn't it. It must be remembered that "Canada" in the days when this book was written, comprised what are now known as the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec, the Maritimes were separate and distinct territories, some of the oldest inhabitants of which have not yet accepted the name "Canadian."

Mr. Brown was generally favorable to Canada. He spoke of the comfort of the farming class, their own free farms, light taxes, and plenty of beef, bread, and wool. He was particularly enamoured of the London district, where he said that out of a population of 30,000, there were only ten persons subsisting on alms. He contrasted this with conditions in England, where he alleged that pauperism had reached the alarming figures of nearly ten per cent. of the population.

He spoke particularly of the work of Mr. Talbot, the Irishman, who first planned the scheme of colonizing the London district in the early twenties, and a memorial to whom exists in the prosperous little city of St. Thomas. He states that scarcely a man of those who accompanied Talbot to Upper Canada in 1822, was possessed of more than one hundred pounds, and that every man of them twenty years later owned a fine farm, plenty of stock, and was "in enjoyment of all the comforts and many of the luxuries of life."

That is going some when one considers the old-time election talk of poor over-taxed and over-worked farmers who have hardly enough time to expectorate. Speaking of the town of London, he said that it had five streets, a very respectable looking Court House in castellated style, and a two-storey district school. He was particularly impressed with the Mechanics' Institute, which was in classic style, and was going to have a portico and pediment finished with columns when it was completed. "London, in the spirit with which this institution is supported is," he declared, "an example to the whole province. I am not aware of another instance in Canada—not even in the comparatively polished and most English-like town, Toronto—where a building has been erected for a popular institute."

In the London district they certainly took their pleasures seriously in those days. During the winter evenings, the writer stated, the inhabitants were "enlivened by lectures on scientific subjects." One that he had listened to was by John Wilson, Warden of the county, and a barrister of talent and eminence, who chose for his subject the enlivening theme of "Optics."

Mr. Brown was surprised to find that you could buy Harvey's Sauce, Day and Martin's Blacking, and many other English preparations in Canada. He also described in really beautiful prose and with accuracy the distinctive quality of our Western Ontario scenery. Much of our land has been cleared since then, but there are many patches left in every county to which his words would equally apply to-day, and it is interesting to note that in a book published sixty-five years ago, the same warning that has been fruitlessly given every year since was uttered. He protested against the paupers "shovelled," as he called it, "out from England and thrown under the rock at Quebec in ignorance or disregard of the wants of the colony or the fitness of the individuals to be proper colonists."

Certainly Mr. Brown's book was a boost for the London district, but it is so interesting that it is a pity his first name is lost to us.

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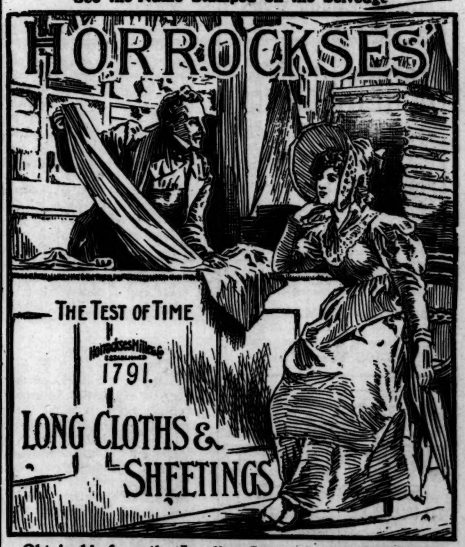

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE green blinds are being raised in many homes this week, and while the continuance of warm weather will tempt many people to linger amid sylvan delights, the opening of schools and various other autumn interests will conduce to a general migration to town. The visit of Admiral Lord Charles Beresford to open "the great and only" will also quicken interest in matters social, which during the dog days have been in a most quiescent state. Various functions have been arranged in honor of the distinguished visitor and already a goodly number of notables and titled visitors have arrived in town. The great incoming crowds, though, will begin to pour through the old station on Monday next, and the men on guard at doorways will be assailed by volleys of questions and beseeched by fair femininity who wish to meet friends on the platform instead of the morgue-like vault where one must huddle with the mob. The arrival of each train draws the crowd to the entrance as though by suction and the dazed travellers as they enter the darkish tunnel are pounced upon and greeted. Spasmodic kissing and shrill questioning, interspersed by porters calling out the various hotels and frantic individuals on a wild chase after baggage, give one a very "homey" feeling, and the paved roadway, overarched and filled with express wagons, private carriages, taxies and a line of street cars brings the realization that another glorious summer has almost passed and autumn glory in its many colored tints will soon flood the town.

The commodore and officers of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club have sent out invitations to a garden party in honor of Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, on Thursday, September 2nd, from 3 to 6.30 o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. John Herron, of Alberta, have sent out announcements of the approaching marriage of their daughter, Edith Maud, to Mr. George Jeffrey Hunter on Wednesday, September 1st, at Pincher Creek, Alberta. Mr. Hunter is the manager of the Union Bank of Canada at Pincher Creek.

Mr. William Copp and family have removed to their new home, No. 7 Whitney Avenue, North Rosedale.

A new portrait of Lady Dalmeny, who, before her marriage to Lord Rosebery's heir, was Miss Dorothy Grosvenor, daughter of Lord Henry Grosvenor and grand-daughter of the late Duke of Westminster.

Mr. and Mrs. Evelyn Macrae and family have returned to town from a month's holiday at Mary Lake, Lake of Bays. On Saturday Mrs. Evelyn Macrae left to spend a short visit at Mrs. Notter's summer home at Leith on the Georgian Bay.

At Delphi Inn, Georgian Bay, the dancing, bathing, boating and bridge still keep up, and moonlight drives are in order this week. Among the recent arrivals are Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. McDonald, Master McDonald and nurse, Miss Alice Mason, Miss Macdonnell, of Toronto, and Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay, Mr. Calderwood, Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland V. Hall and family have spent the season and are still at the Inn; also the Misses Ore and Mrs. Geo. Perks.

The engagement is announced at Brighton, Ontario, of Miss Dora A. Lazier, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Lazier, to Mr. Glen R. White, of Trenton. The marriage will take place the fourth week in September.

Guests at the Royal Muskoka are Mr. Percy Hermant, Miss S. Hermant, Mr. A. B. Wilkie, Mrs. Stephen Heward, Miss Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Steele, Mr. G. T. Beardmore, Mr. R. M. Gzowski, Miss M. Johnston, Rev. Pierre Bde Lom, Miss R. Moodie, Mr. E. Whittemore, Miss Mary C. Morley, Mr. T. Goldsborough, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Irwin, Miss Norine Irwin, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Kerr, Miss Grace and Joyce Kerr, Mr. J. Fraser Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald, Mr. A. H. Mara and Mrs. F. Aylesworth.

His Honor Judge MacNatt and Mr. T. C. Irving, General Manager of Bradstreet's, left Sarnia on Wednesday for a trip to the Soo, Port Arthur and Duluth via the s.s. Hamonic. The Judge, who is also Grand Master of the Masonic Order for Ontario, will lay a corner stone or two in the north-western part of the province ere they return.

Mr. Joseph Chadwick, of the shipbuilding firm of Joseph Chadwick & Son, Liverpool, operating the Astral line of steamships, is at the Queen's this week; also a nephew of his, Mr. William Leigh, formerly of Liverpool, but now of Pittsburg. Mr. Chadwick is a brother of Mr. Wm. Chadwick, Secretary-Treasurer and Collector of the British Welcome League of Toronto.

The Bishop of Calgary and Mrs. Pinkham, announce the engagement of their third daughter, Madelon Violet Jean, to Mr. Thomas Fitzgerald Hume Crowe, only son of the late Robert Hume Crowe, of Moyrcisk, Quin, Co. Clare, Ireland.

Mrs. Davidson, widow of the late Canon Davidson, formerly of Cobourg, died on Monday at her home, 30 Charles Street, aged 77. She was a prominent member of the Church of England Women's Auxiliary and an officer of the Toronto Diocesan Board. A third daughter of Captain George Cheyne, R.N., she was a lineal descendant of Nicholas Ferrar, father of Nicholas Ferrar of Little Gedding fame. Mrs. Davidson had been president of the Women's Auxiliary of St. Luke's Church for many years, and of a family of eight children, the following seven survive her, namely, Rev. Canon Davidson, rector of Peterboro; Nicholas Ferrar Davidson, K.C., of Toronto, formerly president of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew; William Edward Davidson, of Toronto; Mrs. Ketchum, widow of the late Judge Ketchum, of Cobourg; Mrs. Gossage, Orillia; Mrs. H. Loosemore and Mrs. Harry C. Rae, of Toronto. The funeral was held at St. Luke's Church 7.30 on Thursday, and the interment took place at Colborne.

A marriage has been arranged to take place on September 11th between Mr. J. Ernest Richards, Assistant Treasurer and General Freight Agent of the Chatham, Wallaceburg and Lake Erie Railway Company, and Daisy, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Colville, of Wallaceburg.

Last week, the stork left a very fine little boy at "Mapethorpe House" in Palmerston Boulevard, to Dr. and Mrs. Walton-Ball.

Mr. Acton Burrows has returned to town from Baie de Chaleur, where his family are spending the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Osler are staying with Mrs. E. B. Osler at Craigleigh.

At "Burnbrae," Caledonia, the residence of Dr. and Mrs. W. J. Burns, the marriage of their daughter, Maud Ethel, and Mr. John T. Ross, B.A., of Edmonton, chief Inspector of Schools for Alberta, was celebrated on Tuesday afternon. Rev. Wm. Burns, of Toronto, grandfather of the bride; the Rev. Dr. R. N. Burns, Toronto, the bride's uncle, and the Rev. A. E. Smith, B.A., of Caledonia, performed the ceremony, and Miss Stella Campbell, Orangeville played Lohengrin's Wedding March. The bride was attended by her sister, Edna M. Burns, and the groom by Mr. J. R. Dunsford, of Columbus, Ohio. The bridal robe was of cream silk with wide moire stripe over cream taffeta, pearl ornaments and duchess lace, with tulle veil and orange blossoms completed it, and a shower bouquet of bridal roses was carried. The bridesmaid wore rose silk cascade with an exquisite bolero of French hand-made lace of deep cream interwoven with gold, and carried a sheaf of pink rosebuds. Mrs. Burns, the bride's mother, wore a black gown of Directoire satin and Flemish lace. A necklace of whole pearls of exquisite workmanship and design was the groom's gift to the bride, and to the bridesmaid he gave a pearl pendant and chain and the groomsman a scarf pin. Mr. and Mrs. Ross left for an extended tour of the Maritime Provinces, after which they will take up their residence in Edmonton, Alta.

The engagement of Miss Gertrude Drury, daughter of Major-General and Mrs. Drury, Halifax, to Mr. Stephen Heward, son of Mr. Edmund Heward, Montreal, is announced.

Miss Adeline Boulton, who has been the guest of Mrs. Charles Swabey, in Southampton, has returned to town.

The Canadian Medical Association convention opened in Winnipeg on Monday. Dr. R. Bruce Smith, of Toronto, read the first paper, "The Relation of the Community to the Hospital." He advocated the establishment of village hospitals, with houses and sections for various diseases in young and growing cities. The new President of the Association, Dr. Blanchard, was installed by the retiring President, Dr. Montizambert, and in the afternoon the ladies of the party were entertained by Mrs. (Dr.) Chown at a garden party at the Country Club. A reception was held during the evening at the Royal Alexandra Hotel. The Lieutenant-Governor and Lady McMillan gave a large reception for the visiting Medicos on Tuesday.

Lord Strathcona returned to Winnipeg, the scene of his early trials and triumphs on Tuesday evening, and a remarkable demonstration of popular appreciation by the citizens was tendered him. His Lordship was met at the C.P.R. station by the mayor, civic officials and representative citizens, and after an exchange of greetings he was escorted through the depot, which had been elaborately decorated in his honor, to his carriage. The procession was headed by 600 torch-bearers and four bands; a military escort from the Strathcona Horse and School Cadets followed, direct to Government House, where His Lordship is a guest during his stay in Winnipeg. Thousands of citizens lined the streets, and the progress of the party was marked by outbursts of cheering. Addresses from the city, old timers and the Centennial Fair Committee requesting the High Commissioner to accept the Presidency of the Exposition were presented on Wednesday. On Friday he unveiled a tablet on the Fort Garry gateway which commemorates the fur trade posts and the flag used to drape it was the one which he as plain Donald A. Smith had flown over Fort Garry away back in 1869 after the settlement of the half-breed troubles.

Sir Frederick Pollock, the celebrated author, is, with the Right Hon. James Bryce and Mrs. Bryce, the guest of Sir Thomas Shaughnessy at "Fort Tipperary," St. Andrews-by-the-Sea.

Sir Edward Clouston, Bart., Vice-President of the Bank of Montreal, is attending some of the meetings at Winnipeg of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and will later make his annual trip through the western provinces for the purpose of gauging the general financial position in the west as harvesting operations draw to a close.

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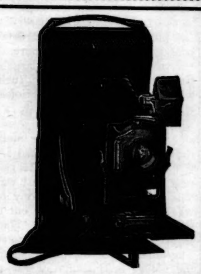

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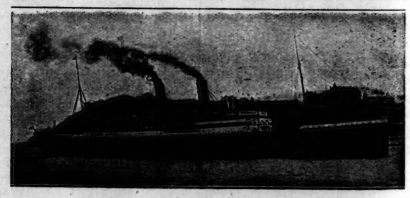

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OPEN EVENINGS TILL 11 O'CLOCK.

A NOTED old country divine was very fond of riding on horseback, and, being vastly conceited about his fine figure, wore stays to show it off. One day he was thrown from his horse and lay prone on the road. A farm laborer from a neighboring field ran to his assistance. The first-aid man began to feel the parson all over, and suddenly yelled out to another laborer:

"Rin, Jock, for Heeven's sake, for a doctor. Here's a man's ribs running north and sooth instead of east and west."

"Why did you tip that boy so handsomely for handing you your coat?"
"Did you see the coat he gave me?"
—Tatler.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

ON page 11 of this issue will be found an article dealing with "Ballads of a Cheechako," the new book of poems by Robert W. Service, just issued by William Briggs, publisher, Toronto, and recalling the circumstances of the appearance two years ago of Mr. Service's "Songs of a Sourdough," which made this young man famous.

* * *

THIS week is celebrated the centenary of the birth of one of the most distinguished and beloved of American writers. On the 29th of August, 1809, Oliver Wendell Holmes was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts. In 1829 he was graduated at Harvard University, and two years later in The New England Magazine, which had just appeared, he "took the road"—to use the words of George William Curtis—"with his double team of verse and prose, holding the ribbons with unsurpassed lightness and grace and skill." Later he studied medicine in Europe, and, returning, practised his profession in Boston. The young physician's patients were not numerous, however, so he wrote a number of medical treatises in his leisure, and presently accepted a professorship at Dartmouth College, in New Hampshire. But all the time Dr. Holmes was exercising his "double team" of verse and prose. And he lived to be the last leaf upon the tree that bore the fine group of New England writers, including Whittier, Longfellow, Lowell, Emerson, Bryant, Poe, Hawthorne, and Thoreau. Holmes died at Boston on October 27, 1894 at the ripe old age of eighty-five.

There is no one to-day on this continent writing verse with the poetic grace and exquisite humor of which Holmes was the master. Would that we had poets to-day so drolly meditative. Probably the most characteristic of his poems is "The Last Leaf," in which delicate pathos is blended with tender gayety. It is said that Abraham Lincoln thought this was the finest poem ever written, and that he never tired of repeating it to himself, for this big, simple soul felt there was not a false note in it. Perhaps the readers of this page will enjoy another perusal of it:

THE LAST LEAF.

I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the Crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
Sad and wan,
And he shakes his feeble head,
That seems as if he said,
'They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has pressed
In their bloom.
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said—
Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring—
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

Dr. Holmes wrote poems more scholarly than this, but as we celebrate the hundredth anniversary of his birth, these simple stanzas to most of us are typical of this gentle poet at his best.

As to his prose, our most affectionate memories cluster round "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," the theme of which is the American boarding house and its characters. These familiar remarks of The Autocrat are as timely to-day as they were in 1831:

Somebody was rigmarolling the other day about the artificial distinctions of society.

"Madam," I said, "society is the same in all large places. I divide it thus:

"1. People of cultivation who live in large houses.

"2. People of cultivation who live in small houses.

"3. People without cultivation who live in large houses.

"4. People without cultivation who live in small houses.

"5. Scrubs."

An individual at the upper end of the table turned pale and left the room as I finished with the monosyllable.

This patriarch of American literature also wrote two novels, "Elsie Venner" and "The Guardian Angel," a large number of fine scientific essays, and several works of biography, notable among the latter being his memoirs of Emerson.

Oliver Wendell Holmes was a scholar and a gentleman in the old-fashioned sense. In all his writings one detects the courage and power of the higher strain. In his day he was a leading light in literary Boston. He helped to establish The Atlantic Monthly in 1857, and 'twas he who coined the saying that Boston is "the hub of the solar system," which hub he declared was "located exactly at the Boston State House." Personally Dr. Holmes was one of the best beloved men of his day, for he was as urbane and cheerful and thoroughly good as his writings; and he is still beloved because the fine, gentle character of the man shines in all his work, some of which will never be forgotten.

In his day Dr. Holmes was looked upon as a heretic by many churchmen, for, as was natural of a liberal-minded scientist who was a son of a New England clergyman, who believed in the old-fashioned Calvinism, he absolutely refused to accept the awful old Puritan theology. As the Rev. F. S. Townsend says in The Methodist Review of New York, Holmes used to quote with relish the famous retort of the sturdy old Methodist sailor-preacher, "Father" Taylor, to his Calvinistic opponent: "Your God is my devil." But he had great respect for Puritan morals, and went regularly to the King's Chapel in Boston, explaining this habit by saying: "There is a little plant called Reverence in the corner of my soul's garden, which I love to have watered about once a week." His religion may perhaps be best described as that of a very liberal Unitarian; he had no exact creed, "except that he sometimes said that it was the first two words of the Lord's Prayer." Some of the fine hymns he wrote bid fair to be immortal, the one beginning

O Love divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,

shows that he was not an extreme Unitarian. Indeed, it was not in Holmes's large and gentle nature to be extreme in anything, except, perhaps, in his scorn of hypocrisy and humbug.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

The one hundredth anniversary of the birth of this delightful New England writer occurs on Aug. 29.

* * *

A BOOK of verse entitled "Pebbles and Shells," by Donald A. Fraser, has been issued by William Briggs, Toronto. The author, like many other ambitious writers, versifiers particularly, stands in urgent need of an intelligent adviser. Some kind friend ought to lead him aside and reason with him thusly:

You have a certain deftness, Fraser,
When nonsense verses you indite.
Wee Bob you please, wee Bess you phase her;
Your childish rhymes are pure delight.

But, ah, you lack one talent, Fraser!
When writing verse for grown-ups vain
Polish it hard with your eraser,
Or write and tear it up again.

One section of this book is devoted to really excellent juvenile jingles, some of which have appeared in St. Nicholas and The Delineator. By omitting all the serious poems and introducing more jingles a volume really excellent in its way might have been produced.

* * *

THE Tennyson centenary recently celebrated has, as the New York Sun's London correspondent says, "set people recalling the man as well as the poet—the somewhat gruff and formidable man whose manner with curious strangers was by no means gentle and pleasant." The same correspondent relates a couple of Tennyson anecdotes which may well be repeated here, although they have both been given some publicity before:

Once a young woman who had been just introduced to the great man at Freshwater was left alone with him on the seashore. She stood in immense awe of the poet and therefore did not interrupt him as he sat speechless, gazing straight ahead of him at the sea.

The long silence was broken at last in an astonishing manner by Tennyson. He was going to open his lips and utter some lovely thought, the young woman imagined. Instead he opened them and in gruff and gloomy tones gave voice to this remark:

"You creak."

The girl started back in horror.

Tennyson added as explanation:

"You creak. Your stays creak."

This so startled the young woman that she ran away and went indoors, where a large company, she found, was gathered together over tea. In a little time Tennyson appeared, a vague expression on his countenance, as though something had gone wrong with him. The girl, now accounting him possibly mad and certainly impolite, tried hard to hide away from him.

In vain. His eagle eye found her out. He threaded his way among the other guests toward her, took her hand and said in resonant tones before the whole company of them:

"My dear, I beg your pardon. I find it was my braces."

The feelings of the young woman and the astonishment of the guests may be left to the imagination.

Once Irving was discussing a play with the poet and ordered a bottle of port to help in the discussion. Tennyson drank glass after glass until the bottle was finished and then turned reproachfully to the actor and said:

"Irving, how fond you are of port!"

At Oldworth an American woman once penetrated into his garden and was gratified to observe the poet walking up and down, apparently in the agonies of composition. Suddenly he stopped and gazed with a vacant expression at a bed of lettuces. His lips began to move and his still hidden admirer whipped out her note book to record the pearls of wisdom from the master's mouth. What he actually said after prolonged cogitation was:

"Damn those rabbits!"

* * *

"INSPIRATIONAL" books by professional optimists, so many of which are offered for sale nowadays, merely make some readers tired. But even the most platitudinous of them may do some amount of good. They are on the right track anyway; why, therefore, should certain reviewers poke fun at them? One of these volumes is just to hand—"The Young Man's Affairs," by Charles Reynolds Brown, published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. It is not strikingly original, but it contains much sound advice to young men, and may therefore be freely commended. There are too many young men these days who refuse to read anything unsensational, and in all probability "The Young Man's Affairs" will be read more largely and earnestly by mothers and maiden aunts than by those for whom its counsels are intended. But there isn't a young man anywhere, no matter how good he may be or how clever he may think himself, who would not be a little better if he spent an hour with this book. Very likely he will learn nothing new—for young men are so clever nowadays, you know—but the advice Mr. Brown gives, although on the whole a trifle stodgy, will stimulate healthy reflection at any rate. One point the writer makes that borders on originality about as closely as anything in the book may furnish an appropriate quotation for this page. He says:

"Let me speak these two last words—you cannot afford in the face of the noble, inspiring, stimulating books there are to read, to waste time on a weak book or a bad book. The decadent novels and problem plays—I know they deal with certain phases of life. So does my garbage barrel! I have one in my back yard, but I do not care to eat out of it, and I do not want it in my study."

Not bad advice, that. HAL.

D. Broke, J12—Send a dozen roses to this address.

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D. B.—Will you trust me?

S.—Certainly.

D. B.—Then make it two dozen.—Lampoon.

Opportunity knocks very timidly when it gets to the slums.—Life.

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Sails the unshadowed main—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
And coral leafs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is borne
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length are free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

The Attitudes of Some French Writers.

OSTENSIBLY (says The London Times), the Romantics were chiefly concerned with the breaking down of the old rules which fettered literary and dramatic composition, making metres more elastic and demanding more latitude in the choice of subjects. They really differ from their predecessors in making literature more subjective, in attaching more importance to their own personalities, experiences and "sensibilities," in more openly exploiting the secrets of their souls, in arranging limelight effects and posturing in the centre of the stage. One or two of them, indeed, like Alfred de Vigny, were too proud to care to make themselves conspicuous in this way; one or two, like Prosper Merimee, were too cynical. But their general tendency was to turn on the limelight, strike attitudes and call upon the world to behold and admire them, not for what they had done, but for what they were.

The attitudes struck by some of them—by Dumas, for instance—were more or less intentionally grotesque; but the more usual intention was to appear either sentimental or sublime. Even Sainte-Beuve aspired to be sentimental, though circumstances were against him, for he was ugly and undistinguished. Victor Hugo never tired of reminding his admirers (untruly) that Chateaubriand had saluted him as "sublime child," while the pioneers of Romanticism were, if possible, even more insistent in their self-conscious egoism. It was said of Chateaubriand that he would be content to starve in a garret, provided that the garret were in a theatre; and Lamartine had no scruple in formulating his unfavorable opinion of any one whom his personality failed to impress. Of a certain stranger who neither blushed nor shrank into his shoes when introduced to him he remarked: "I predict no good of that young man. He was unmoved in my presence." That surely is the acme of egoism—inoffensive, because unsurpassable. One cannot help applauding the sentiment if only because Lamartine, in uttering it, robbed even Chateaubriand of his laurels.

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Let the Children See the Seals.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

FROM mountain and stream, from primeval forests and fashionable resorts, the flaunting of the gaily colored Exhibition posters will bring people back to town in droves. They may vigorously assert their utter indifference and look intently at anyone who apparently possesses the bourgeois taste to enjoy the fall fair, but when opening day comes, the crowds are always there, and among the numbers may be seen the recently indifferent ones, but in the interval a change has taken place, and they usually look as interested as the other visitors, hang around the spielers and sample men, and make for the grand stand with as much vim as the crowd. (Country friends arrive with telescopes and valises, sleeping accommodation is greatly taxed, and no man is safe in chuckling over his neighbor's wind fall lest a drop occur in his vicinity. There is a great slump in family trees and pedigrees during the gala period, and the family heirlooms so modestly displayed throughout the year are usually kept out of sight, or attention is in no wise directed to them. Verandah talk takes on a new character and family connections unto the twenty-four cousinship are monotonously traced along with incidental family lapses and reverses. John's wife's cousin's aunt's opinion may be quoted to clinch some mildly exciting argument, and the second week usually brings other cousins who will proceed to retail the opposite side of the family discussion. So there is really nothing like the big old fair to keep us in touch with rural life, and our understanding of what agriculture means to the country, freshened. lest in our rapid pace of prosperity and culture we forget the locality from which many of us have hied.

After a four week's cruise of Lakes Simcoe, Couchiching and the Kawartha system in his steam yacht, "Water Witch," Dr. Hamilton, Bathurst street, has returned to his practice. Mr. Alexander Hamilton, of Beaverton, accompanied him throughout this beautiful trip.

Miss Ellen Deehen and Miss M. H. Saunders, of 308 Bathurst street, after a month's most enjoyable holiday on the Lakes of the Trent Valley Canal System, have returned home.

Miss Margaret Cotton, after visiting Miss Clara Flavelle, at Swananoah Lodge, Kawartha Lakes, returned to the Pines, Windermere, the Cotton's summer home, and gave a very jolly dance for the young people of Windermere on Tuesday evening. Among those entertained were the Misses Anderson, Mr. McGillivray, Mr. McGowan, Miss Irene Sanderson, Mr. W. Irwin, Miss Elsie Sweeney, the Misses Bradshaw, Miss R. Cringen, the Misses Waller, Mr. J. Woodcock, Miss Ola Ferguson, Mr. Mark Taylor, the Misses Gordon, and Mr. Robt. Waller.

Mrs. R. J. Brown, Montreal, announces the engagement of her daughter, Miss Rosina Brown, to Mr. Robert Ernest Green, of Ottawa, formerly of Niagara Falls. The marriage will take place in the autumn.

Guests at the Royal Muskoka are Mrs. Aylesworth, Miss Burton, Mr. L. J. McCurdy, Mr. H. B. Stephenson, Mr. G. Pattison, and Mr. C. M. Copeland.

Sir Charles and Lady Moss, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Z. A. Lash, at Fournay Lodge, Bracebridge. Other visitors are Mrs. (Prof.) MacMillan, of Princeton; W. G. and Hamley Brown, of London, England, and Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Schumecker, of Mexico City.

Mr. and Mrs. Young are guests of Mrs. Miller Lash at Avalon Cottage, Bracebridge.

Rumors of an engagement have been wafted down from the north, in which a former society girl, well known in town, figures, and a professional man in a prominent western town. Talk of another affair, in which the culmination is fixed for an early date, is going the rounds of Rosedale. In this case also, an out-of-town man is to carry off a wealthy girl, who has been a great traveller. While friends are aware of the engagement, no public announcement so far has been made.

Miss Emily McTavish, of Colborne, spent some days in town, the guest of her sister, Mrs. Thorburn, of St. George street.

Mr. Winder Strathy, Miss Carrie Stead, Mr. J. E. Robertson, Mr. J. A. Wilson, Mr. J. B. Stewart, Mr. R. P. Barrington, Mr. Frank A. West, Mr. H. C. Lee, Mr. George A. Gamble, and Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Dedman, are Toronto people registered at The Stratton House, Port Carling.

Mr. and Percy Roberts are at their summer cottage at Fig Leaf Point, Cameron Lake. Mrs. Roberts has her mother staying with her also; Prof. Findley, Ph.D., of McMaster University, Toronto, and Mr. Williams.

After spending a month in Fort William and Winnipeg, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Mitchell and small daughter, Doris, of Avenue road, have returned to town.

The Murray Bay Golphers played a team match at Quebec on August 14, with matches both morning and afternoon. The handicap tournaments at Tadousac and Murray have brought out many players, while the weekly putting matches and tea which occur on Saturday at the Murray Bay Golf Club keeps the air full of golf. Madame Duggan of "The Manor" gave the last tea of the season this week, and the home of the Seignor of Murray Bay, with its atmosphere of old-timed dignity. and surrounded by wonderful flower gardens, was a delightful place to be bidden to. Americans who spend the summers at Murray Bay, fairly revel in such picturesque and historical evidences of the old-time Seigniories, which gave Lower Canada the sharp distinction of classes and the landed estates patterned after the old world.

The New Marchioness of Ripon, formerly Countess de Grey, daughter of the 1st Baron Herbert of Lea and sister of the 13th Earl of Pembroke.

Madame A. Lemieux, sister-in-law of Hon. Rudolphe Lemieux, is at the Tadousac for a stay of some length.

Lady Langelier was patroness of the concert given at Murray Bay by Miss Marguerite Couturier, of Portland, Maine, which brought out a splendid audience, and was a great success for the young singer.

Mr. William Blake, President of the Murray Bay Golf Club, entertained the Quebec golf team at luncheon at his cottage on Saturday last.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Rainville, of Montreal, who are at the "Manoir Richelieu," gave a large dinner last Saturday evening in honor of Mrs. Alfred Irenee Du Pont, of Wilmington, Delaware. Dr. Lambert and Mr. Perrault, of Ottawa, were among the guests.

Lady Hanbury Williams, Mrs. and Miss Hume Blake, are at St. Andrew's.

A marriage has been arranged and will shortly take place between Mr. Grant Morden, of London, England, son of Captain W. H. Morden and Mrs. Morden, of Toronto, and "Wahawin," Lake of Bays, and Doris, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henshaw, of Vancouver, British Columbia.

The Presbyterian church, Dovercourt road, was the scene of the wedding on Tuesday of Miss Jessie Morrison Ross, daughter of the late Robert Ross, of Ayr, and Mr. Charles Law, Toronto, son of Mr. W. S. Law, of Tillsonburg. Rev. John Ross, of Port Dalhousie, was the officiating clergyman, and was assisted by the bride's pastor, Rev. James Wilson. Gowned in white silk mull over white silk the bride wore a large picture hat of white moire trimmed with ostrich mounts and ospreys, and she carried a bouquet of white roses. A reception was held at 262 Roncesvalles avenue, and later the young couple left for a trip to New York. On their return they will take up their residence at 262 Roncesvalles avenue.

Mrs. Hillyard Cameron has gone to the Island for a visit to Mrs. Lockhart Gordon.

The marriage of Miss Ruth Hamilton Fuller to Mr. Richard Walsh, will take place very quietly from the residence of Mr. E. F. B. Johnson, 119 St. George street, Toronto, on Monday, September 6.

A few of the Toronto people at the Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake, this week, are:—Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Hannam, Mrs. and Miss Wigmore, Mr. C. Douglas Macklem, Mr. Charles H. Greentree, Mr. E. C. G. Chambers, Mr. W. F. Summerhayes, Mr. C .Gordon Spanner, Mr. Charles W. Dineen, Mr. R. Baird, Mr. H. Boultbee, Miss Lois W. Moyes, Miss Reah B. Fairbairn, Miss Hazel Keith, Miss Anna Hunt, Mr. Ralph A. Burns.

Mrs. Angus Macdonell, of Dundas street, gave a small tea on Monday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Duncan Macdonell, of Alexandria, who is visiting in town. The flower-decked tea table was in charge of Miss Marie Macdonell and the Misses Denison.

Mr. and Mrs. Glascow were guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Dilworth at their pretty summer cottage, Huntsville.

Miss Maud Gordon has returned from a visit to New York and New Haven.

Mrs. John Lee Wood, of Jamieson avenue, and Miss Jessie Glover, of Rochester, have returned from Cobourg.

Mrs. Geo. E. Stockwell, of Los Angles, Cal., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Macdonald, of Brunswick avenue.

Colonel and Mrs. Hamilton Merritt are at the "Frontenac," Quebec.

The Misses Kerr, of Howard street, have returned to town after an enjoyable visit with Mrs. Murray Woodbridge, at Orchard Beach.

A quiet wedding was celebrated on Tuesday afternoon at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Hobbs, in Wellesley street, when their daughter, Miss Beatrice Hobbs, was married to Mr. Charles S. Dalton, son of Mr. Charles Dalton, Isabella street. The Rev. George Jackson performed the ceremony in the drawing-room, which was decorated with ferns, asters and gladiolas. The bride wore a graceful Brussels lace gown and carried a shower bouquet of pink sweet peas and lily of the valley. She was unattended, and Mr. Arthur Dalton acted as best man for his brother. A reception for the immediate relatives was held later, and then Mr. and Mrs. Dalton left for Boston en route to the sea.

Dr. Cathelin, of Paris, declares that no person who does not possess certain "six moral senses" should attempt to enter the medical profession, viz., the sense of duty, the sense of responsibility, the sense of kindness, the sense of manual skill (which he sub-divides into the sense of boldness and the sense of prudence), the sense of beauty, and the social role. "The sense of duty toward the patient," so he is quoted by the Boston Globe, "is the very first requisite in a physician. It can only arise from a positive and innate altruism or love of one's fellow-creatures—a quality similar to that which moves the hospital nurse to the care of the stricken. There can be no personal sensitiveness, nor lack of interest in details, as against an absorbing curiosity that complicated cases arouse, and yet, with all the sense of duty, which calls for extreme goodness and sensitiveness of heart, he must not show a trace of emotion when his duty calls him to operate on a McKinley, a Carnot, or a Frederick II."

Baron Frederic D'Erlanger, who composed the music to the operatic version of Thomas Hardy's "Tess," is a famous banker, besides being a musician. It is not often that art and finance go thus hand in hand, but the Baron has been equally successful in both, and his latest work has opened the eyes of the critics considerably. The Baron is a born musician, and could play the piano well when he was only a child. He wrote numerous charming songs of a young man, and his first opera, "Jehan de Saintre," was an immediate success. The opera of "Tess" was not, as many people suppose, first produced at Covent Garden. It was seen in 1906 at the San Carlo Theatre, in Naples, and while it was being performed, a panic was going on in the town owing to the fact that Vesuvius was in eruption. So panic-stricken were the people that the theatre had to be closed on the following night.

Lord Newton, whose amusing speech in the House of Lords did much to enliven the conscription debate, has all his life been noted for his habit of giving very frank expression to his views. For thirteen years he sat in the House of Commons as Conservative member for Newton, only vacating his seat on succeeding his father, the first baron, whose wit and repartee he has largely inherited. Once, after addressing the House at considerable length on some army estimates, he made a dramatic pause just before the end of his speech. "If the honorable member has quite finished," interjected a satirical member, "I shall show him that his contention is ridiculous." "Then, for the sake of the House," said Lord Newton, then plain Mr. Legh, "I will go on." And he did, for three-quarters of an hour.

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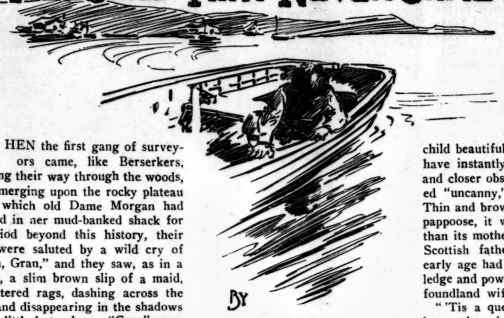

By Grace E Denison

WHEN the first gang of surveyors came, like Berserkers, clearing their way through the woods, and emerging upon the rocky plateau upon which old Dame Morgan had resided in her mud-banked shack for a period beyond this history, their ears were saluted by a wild cry of "Gran, Gran," and they saw, as in a vision, a slim brown slip of a maid, in tattered rags, dashing across the rock and disappearing in the shadows of the little hut, whence "Gran" presently emerged from the shadows, and stood shading her eyes from the sunshine, and taking stock of the intruders, the leader of whom made her greeting thus:

"Morning, ma'am. Tell the lass no to fear. We're just surveying for the new railroad."

When, an hour or so afterwards the leader of the gang turned to look back at the little hut, ere he plunged again into the wood, following his compass to the west, the slim brown girl, her tatters fluttering about her, stood on the rocks and watched his departure.

He lifted his battered little cap to her in salute, a homage made most sincere by the memory of the hearty luncheon of fresh salmon and baked apple jam which had reinforced the hard tack he carried in his pouch. The maid waved her hand in recognition, her bare brown arm and part of her brown side showing through her scant rags. That with this gesture she threw away honor, reason, and life does not seem possible. Yet, it was deplorably true.

Whether it was the memory of the good luncheon or of the brown-faced maid, or merely the freak of chance that brought Alister McPhee back again through the blazed trail to Dame Morgan's cabin, it certainly happened that later in the summer he found his way there, and that not many hours after his arrival he was fishing a salmon river with the slim maid as guide and companion.

Dame Morgan had not yet realized that the girl was more that the child she had reared from its wild mother's death from the "white plague" fifteen years ago. The Dame had given toll to the sea, of husband and sons, and in her sixties had drifted into the home of Black Jim as nurse and housekeeper to his wife, a delicate Indian girl whom the Frenchman had taken from her home and wedded later at the command of his priest.

The same priest secured Dame Morgan when the young wife needed woman's care, and when, before her death, she put her babe into the Welsh woman's kindly arms, her fading eyes spoke the plea the good Dame had so nobly answered. Now, budding into womanhood, the lass knew only how to trap the sly fish, to find the nestling berries and to "make" the cod she and her Gran needed for the winter. Two barrels of flour, a half barrel of pork, molasses and tea were safely stored in November, and the two lived isolated and unafraid until spring tardily opened up the world to them again.

The girl had been christened by the good priest "Catherine," having been born on that saint's eve, and Dame Morgan had conveyed to her certain facts, relative to the creation, redemption and contour of the world, which faintly resembled the orthodox teaching of public schools. Men, to Catherine, were a mystery, mentioned by Dame Morgan as dead in the sea, or if living, largely undesirable. Those she had seen were gruff, curt and ill-tempered, and flung the various items of her commissariat into the cabin with muttered curses on the old woman for inhabiting a rock several miles from port, and reached by a road which demoralized even further the temper and action of that weird and fractious beast, a Newfoundland horse.

Catherine hated them fiercely, these men of her father's people, and hence her flight and wild shout of alarm when she caught sight of the survey party, but the tall brawny blue-eyed young Scotch surveyor soon won her from the dark corner of the cabin's one room, and she listened open-eyed to his talk of the railway and the grand days to come for Newfoundland. The keen "hiss" of the Highlands was in Alister McPhee's speech, and his free, kindly manner and merry laugh were a revelation to Catherine and a delight to Dame Morgan, recalling that "toll of the sea," when it was bonnie and noisy with youth and strength.

When Alister McPhee came back to fish the salmon river, Dame Morgan readily agreed to cook his fish, and since the black flies were done for the season, to let him tie up his hammock among the three or four trees nearest her cabin. After a fortnight of fishing, Alister McPhee informed the Dame that as soon as the survey was finished, he intended to marry Catherine, and take the pair of them to his Nova Scotia home, whereat the Dame prayed heaven to bless him for a good lad. Then he went back to the gang, leaving two women behind, for Catherine's passage from girlhood had been swift and sweet, and her future was in her lover's hand.

Alister McPhee was no trifler; he really intended to return and make his sweetheart a wife, but a small stick of dynamite interfered with his plans, and blew him in bits over the landscape. Catherine faced her foster-mother's anger, her own desolation and other things that one does not dwell upon in terror and woe, and one morning Dame Morgan awoke to find the cabin door open, Catherine's couch empty, and neither mother nor babe to scold or jibe at. She was a good old woman, and brave, although she had been a bit hard on Catherine, not being aware of the dynamite accident, and blaming Alister McPhee for a good deal more than was his due, and she made what feeble effort she could to trace her foster child, but not with the smallest success. In due time she died, out there by the new railroad, and a section-man found her stiff and stark a week later.

Catherine, clasping her little son of three months in her arms, had stolen out and taken the trail through the forest, now a broad path hewn out by many axes, and on that brave June day had but one thought in her mind, to find harbor for her baby and a swift and sure ending to her own insupportable life.

All day long she tramped and rested and tramped again. A gang of track-men stopped her as she passed them at their camp, and gave her tea and biscuit, and would have detained her, but she eluded them and sped away. Late in the evening, she came to a solitary little house on the edge of the bay, and cowering beside a clump of brush, watched a buxom woman on a flake covering her fish and helping her man to haul in the boat. She saw the pair busy by torchlight in the shed, and their fitful talk came to her ears, but she did not make herself known. Instead, she cowered behind the scrub until the busy pair went into their cabin and closed the door. Then, with stealthy motion, she crept to the small bright window and looked in. It was a neat little room, with a small tidy stove and kettle puffing steam. There was every little sign of comfort and competence, and for one moment the small thin face of the watcher contracted in a spasm of pain and forlorn pathos. Then she gently loosened the shawl that covered her head, and was wound about the little sleeping infant, and wrapping the baby carefully in it, she laid it on the little platform before the cabin door. No kiss, nor yearning look came again between her and her purpose; she retreated some distance, and choosing a round pebble from the thousands about her feet, she launched it with practised aim at the cabin door. Even before it crashed against the board she was gone in the direction of the shore, and a practised ear might have presently heard a splash in the sea a long way off, followed by a perfect stillness.

When Amariah Dawson came back from his startled exit out of his own door, he carried the baby in his arms. "This is all I could find," he said, wondering. "But this 'un throwed no stone agin the door, woman."

Mrs. Dawson stood speechless with surprise. "Here, take 'un," said the man angrily. "I'll have a look for them that left 'un. Can't be far off."

The most partial of parents could not have called hapless Catherine's child beautiful, the most frank would have instantly called it unattractive, and closer observers might have added "uncanny," as it certainly was. Thin and brown, and beady-eyed as a pappoose, it was more of an Indian than its mother, and gave no sign of Scottish fathering, but even at its early age had a weird look of knowledge and power that the sturdy Newfoundland wife vaguely marked.

"'Tis a queer little lad," said she later, when she made it ready for bed. "'Riab, what's to do with him?" "Nothing but keep 'un or throw 'un in the sea," said Amariah, deeply resentful.

So, for the present they kept him, nurturing him on goat's milk and daily hoping his belongings would return for him. Mrs. Dawson opened a sacred box and resolutely unfolded its stores, tears raining upon little garments and lips murmuring "My bonnie girl, you'd not see this little creature go naked, if you knew. My little daughter, it's for Jesus' sake."

And so, with the loving holy way of good women, she offered her sacrifice, and lived down its pain. The child grew and thrived on the goat's milk; by and by he toddled sedately to and fro; always in a queer silent way, unless he were angered, when his shrieks were positively appalling. Mrs. Dawson, possessed by her idea of duty, tended him carefully, and sometimes caressed him, but the child never took the smallest notice of her kisses, submitting to them with the indifference of a marble image, or more properly, the wooden stolidity of an Indian idol. Amariah Dawson made no such mistake, but put the child aside from the first. He was a Newfoundlander in his reserve and superstitions, and frankly said he thought the child was a changeling. Such neighbors as he had shared his opinion and pitied Mrs. Dawson, although they added "God bless her" in the next breath.

When the child was five years old, and the solitary cottage was the centre of a small group of newer residences, the neighbors took a firmer stand. They forbid their weans to have part or lot with the changeling, and their orders were carried out. The little brown child took no notice of his isolation; he would sit for hours gazing out over the sea, crooning little minor cadences or utterly still and voiceless; at other times he would climb one of the tall trees and sway on a far up branch, looking at some distant hill or summer cloud.

Sometimes, Amariah would find him in the boat, his elbows on his knees and his chin in his hands, watching the squid or the teaanemones in the clear green water. When he called to the little one to come to the cabin, the child would take no notice of his commands. The night Mrs. Dawson had received him from her startled husband's arms, a coarse handkerchief had been folded about his neck, in one corner of which were written the initials "A. M." Thus it came to be that the little boy was known to the Dawsons as "Am," and others fancied it was an abbreviation of his foster father's baptismal appellation of Amariah. His curious silence unless speech became imperative, and his absolute indifference to their commands engendered a queer resentment in the hearts of the couple against the boy, which the woman restrained and overcame daily, while the man allowed it to grow and tinge him with bitterness.

Sundry ill-fortunes dogged the days of the Dawsons while the child went his wilful way, and the neighbors were not slow to attribute these contretemps to the baleful influence of the changeling. Amariah fell from the flake one day and broke an arm, his wife scalded herself badly on another day, strange dogs worried the pretty white goats, a sudden storm washed the staunch boat from its beach, and last of all, a fire partially destroyed their home. Amariah grew gloomy and muttering, and his wife's brow was furrowed with care. The child meanwhile became more eerie, more disobedient and silent. Once Amariah raised a stick to trounce him, but the boy, drawing himself up, eyed the man with such a glance of deep malignity that Dawson pitched the stick into the sea, and strode vigorously swearing out of the place.

It happened that he was preparing the boat for a visit to the nets when this thing happened, and had forbidden the child to accompany him, as the sea was most uncivil, and he

(*Concluded on page 20.*)

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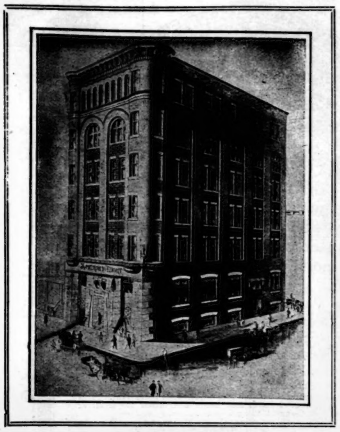

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

SATURDAY NIGHT, LIMITED, Proprietors.

FREDERICK PAUL, Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twenty-page illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers. It aims to be a wholesome paper for healthy people.

OFFICE: SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING, Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Telephone { Private Branch Exchange connects with all Departments. } Main { 6640 6641

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"TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT" is on sale in England at the principal news stands in London, Manchester, Liverpool and Southampton, controlled by W. H. Smith & Son, and Wynan & Co., News Vendors.

Subscriptions to points in Canada, United Kingdom, Newfoundland, New Zealand and certain other British possessions will be received on the following terms:

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Entered as second-class matter March 6th, 1906, at the post office at Buffalo, N. Y., under the Act of Congress of March 3rd 1879.

Advertisements—Advertising rates furnished on application. No advertisements but those of a reputable character will be inserted.

Vol. 22. Toronto, Canada, August 28, 1909. No. 46.

Points About People

Mining Speculation in the Country.

THOSE who scoffingly read the mining advertisements in the Toronto daily newspapers and sniff in suspicion at the news of the mining market have very little idea of how great a hold the mining craze has taken upon the smaller towns and villages of the province of Ontario. In Toronto, Montreal, or Ottawa, a mining craze takes possession of the community for perhaps six months; a large number of gentlemen who have no fixed vocation but live on commissions from real estate deals, bond selling, insurance and so on hang up their shingles as Mining Brokers, prosper for a time, and when the boom subsides seek something else to do. But in the country, where there are small opportunities for playing the races and where the ordinary course of life is apt to seem prosaic when indulged in for 365 days of the year, the prospect of purchasing shares in an area of rock for eleven cents that will be worth five dollars as soon as development takes place is alluring. Thus the mining promoter, whose plant consists of several contracts for thousands of lines of display advertising, finds a ready hearing in the country, while in the city he is dismissed as a mere curbstone faker. The man from the city on vacation is astonished when besieged with requests for information about mines he has never heard of, and his fellow in the country is equally astonished that the city chaps let so many good things slip by them. The chief beneficiary of this craze, outside the promoters and the advertising canvassers of such newspapers as take display advertising on spec. and at cut rates, is the telephone company. At almost every centre in Ontario the long distance wires are kept hot with enquiries as to how such and such a mine is selling to-day and requests for advice about other purchases of stock. The "Get Rich Quick" idea has received many jolts, but it will always fascinate mankind.

"Tay Pay's" Advice.

THERE is never any need of an excuse for talking of "Tay-Pay" O'Connor—otherwise Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P.—for the brilliant Irish journalist is always before the public eye. Apropos of nothing, then, there is a good story told about him by a local newspaperman, who interviewed him in Montreal a couple of years ago. Two or three days after the interview the scribe was sitting in the lobby of the hotel, when "Tay-Pay" happened along. His eye fell on the newspaperman and he came over and sat down beside him and began to chat about topics of the day. Finally the conversation veered around to journalism, and they started to talk "shop."

"And, now, me dear boy," said T. P. in his blandest brogue, "and moight Oi ask how much they pay a fellow loike you?"

And then without waiting for an answer, he went right on.

"The rayson Oi ask is that Oi was very much surproised at the smallness of the salaries in New York. Whoy, there were foine, broight young fellows there, turning out excellent worruk, and do ye know they weren't getting more than sivinty-foive dollars a week, some of them?"

His tone was full of yearning sympathy for the sad lot of those unfortunate youths who were drawing only seventy-five "plunks" in their weekly envelopes. But the local scribe made a rapid comparison of his own Saturday-wad with the despised seventy-five, and came to the conclusion that it would be just as well not to tell "Tay-Pay" what he was drawing, in case the famous editor might feel that he had been getting into low company.

"And now, me boy," said O'Connor in conclusion, "Oi'll give ye wan bit of advoice that was given me when Oi started in as a newspaperman. It was from a man that had grown gray in the trade, and the advoice was—get out of the damn business as soon as you can!"

The newspaperman is trying still to decide whether this was a piece of disinterested advice, or "Tay-Pay's" way of getting square with him for something he didn't like in the interview.

He Wanted the Whole Bible

MEN yet young will remember the controversy which took place in Ontario over what was known as the Ross Bible, but some of the generation which has since grown up may be puzzled to know what it was all about. The celebrated volume took its name from Hon. G. W. Ross, who was at the time Minister of Education. It was a series of excerpts from the King James version of the Holy Writ which the present Senator had collated for reading in the public schools. The Minister was of opinion that certain passages of the complete volume were unsuitable for reading by the young, but when the scheme was promulgated a large section of the community thought the "hand of Rome" was manifest. The Orange order, one of whose tenets is the "open Bible," made a strong fight and almost defeated the Mowat administration. which was forced to back down on the issue.

One of the funniest incidents of the campaign was a speech by the late "King William" Bell, at that time a prominent figure in local politics and a high functionary in the Orange order. One night he was speaking at a meeting in West Toronto, and he became very much excited.

"We don't want any Ross Bible," he cried; "we don't want any mangled version of the Holy Scriptures; we want the whole damned book."

The audience fairly roared at this sally and the speaker, recovering himself, apologized and withdrew the adjective. Anyone who wanted to make him "sore" after that had only to allude to the episode.

She Let Out The Secret.

DISSEMBLING is not a vice of childhood, and sometimes parents find to their cost that even the most innocent kind of dissembling does not do when the very young are about. Not long ago a certain young Toronto wife planned to surprise her husband with a niee home-made birthday gift. The surprise was to come with the nature, not the mere fact of the present—for birthday gifts are an established custom in the family. The truth is that the wife in question was making for the head of the house something out of the ordinary in pyjamas. She had apprised her five-year-old daughter of the fact but had cautioned her not to divulge it. The work was pretty nearly completed, but she had forgotten the exact date of the husband's birthday; so as the three sat enjoying the circus which visited the city a fortnight or so ago, the wife leaned over and said casually:

"Oh, by the way Jack, what date does your birthday come on—the 20th or the 21st."

"It's the 20th," answered Jack; "but don't you go spending a lot of time making something for me."

"No, no; I'm not going to make you anything, but I just wanted to know."

"Now isn't that too bad," piped up the five-year-old to her father. "Why, daddy, muver *was* going to give you two lovely pairs of pyjamas."

At The "Trouble Window."

THERE is in every well organized railway company a man in charge of what is known as the "Trouble Window." He is the man who courteously receives "kicks" from the general public and pacifies the "kicker." As everyone knows, there are kickers innumerable among the general public, and sometimes one of them uncovers a real grievance. In the majority of cases, however, the origin of the trouble is the sore head of the passenger. But corporations have long since learned that it is very bad policy to receive the most fantastic complaint with derision. The modern system is to receive the complainant suavely, tell him that the matter will be investigated, and the guilty official dismissed should he fail to make an explanation. The kicker is thanked for the trouble he has taken and assured that the instant dismissal is the reward of the employee who has been guilty of any discourtesy or neglect of duty. Ten to one the complainant begins to feel sorry for his victim, and assures the boss of the "Trouble Window," that he wouldn't like to see the man's wife and family suffer. He is told that while his sentiments do him credit the company cannot tolerate such conduct on the part of any of its employees and that the matter will certainly be investigated. In a hundred cases the kicker goes away sadder and wiser and never comes back. Thus the matter ends. But occasionally there is a kicker who is out for blood and sticks to his protest. He is informed that on due investigation the company has found his complaint to be well founded and that the offending official has received his notice. The kicker goes on his way rejoicing because he was able to sway a great corporation and no harm is done to anybody.

The remark, "The more I know of men the more I like dogs," is attributed to Mme. de Stael. Of course Mme. de Stael never said anything so straightforward as that. The phrase was original with Walter Scott, and is to be found in Lockhart's biography—one of the best biographies ever written. The sentiment is not at all exclusive; it has often been expressed.

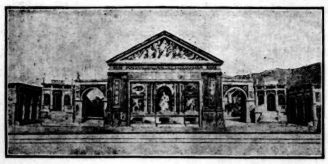
France has more than a hundred and fifty factories busily engaged in turning out artificial coffee. The product is called "fanciful coffee," and Europe uses 257,000 tons of it annually.

Familiar Chat on Some Historic Places

Millstate, Austria, July 24, 1909.

THERE are many beautiful and interesting places to visit out of Munic, and the city itself is fine. On the 17th we left Munic to visit the Royal Bavarian Castles, built by the mad King Ludwig the Second, of Bavaria, who afterwards committed suicide by drowning himself in the beautiful lake of Starnberg near Munic. He certainly was a wonderful character even if mad, and Bavaria fairly rings with his history. His brother, too, is insane, and is in a private asylum. He was the eldest, but was never able to reign, and now their uncle reigns as Prince Regent. We visited Ludwig's small castle at Starnberg and also the beautiful memorial chapel which was erected on the spot where he drowned himself and his physician whom he dragged in with him.

We left Munic for Fessen, about a five hours' ride and drive from there to the Castle Neuschuranstein, which was just finished before Ludwig's death, although he lived in a part of it for three years and superintended the building. It is situated on a huge rock with deep gorges all around it and the scenery from about it is simply wonderful. The castle is magnificently decorated with paintings many representing scenes from Wagner's operas. He was crazy about Wagner, and the furniture too, is very beautiful, but it reminds me of a gorgeous prison, projecting over the wild gorge 3,276 feet above the sea level. It was commenced in 1869 and finished in 1886, and is approached by a draw bridge and is quite the most wonderful castle of modern times, but I cannot begin to describe its wonders and beauty. After having had lunch in a small inn at the castle gates, we left to take as lovely a walk as one can imagine over the Blockenan Mountain, one of the Bavarian Alps. This can only be taken on foot and takes three hours. I fairly stood spell-bound with the magnificent scenery. When we reached the top of the mountain we were in the clouds, and there was a cold damp drizzle, but that passed away as we descended. We finally arrived at a tiny village called Ammervelt, just on the border between Austria and Bavaria. The hotel is built half in Austria and half in Bavaria and the frontier is, of course, guarded by a soldier.



Oberammergau, where the Passion Play is produced.

It is in a valley surrounded by huge, lofty mountains. The one in front of my bed room windows being two thousand feet higher than the Rigi. We were a very tired and foot-sore party on our arrival at the hotel, but after a good dinner went at once to bed and next morning took a carriage to Linderhof, another castle built by Ludwig. The second Marie Antoinette was said to be the only woman he ever cared for, a rather harmless affection, as she had been dead many years before he was born, but his castles are full of pictures and busts of her. Linderhof is a decided copy of the Petit Frianon at Versailles. He was also a great admirer of both Louis XIV. and XV. and copied their style. A great deal of Linderhof is magnificent and the grounds, too, show in many places his romantic disposition. All the fountains played while we were there. In the wood he has built a most wonderful "Blue Grotto" in the rocks, and which is entered by a huge moveable piece of rock, it is a large place inside, with artificial stalagmatites and stalactites. A huge water fall leaps into a lake in the grotto, which is illuminated by red lights. A Lohengrin boat floats on the lake and in the background is painted a large picture of Tannhauser in the Mountain of Venus. The grotto itself is lighted by a blue light, and although it is all artificial it is simply wonderful that he could have thought of such things. He has also built a most beautiful little Moorish temple where he went to smoke. We went on to Oberammergau for the afternoon. The little houses are romantic and have most curious paintings on the outside walls.

SCHLOSS NEUSCHWANSTEIN,
Built by Ludwig, the crazy King of Bavaria.

The Passion Play is to be given next year, and they are altering the huge theatre that was used in 1900. We drove up to see it and then returned to get our tickets for the play, which is given every Sunday during the summer by the principal actors of the Passion Play. It is given in a small theatre in the village, and last Sunday they gave St. Sebastian. It was simply wonderful even to the stage settings and we all sat spell-bound. It ended with a most beautiful tableaux from some celebrated pictures of St. Sebastian. Anton Lang, the man who takes the part of Christ in the Passion Play, took the part of St. Sebastian, and the woman who takes the part of the Virgin, the principal woman's part. Anton Lang is the image of pictures of Christ, he is a potter and has a little shop where he sells his wares. While we had our noses pressed against the window looking into his pottery (of course nothing is for sale on Sunday as they are a most religious people), a young girl appeared who spoke a few words of English to us. I told her how I had always longed to come to Oberammergau, and how wonderful I thought it all was, and especially how I admired Anton Lang. She said she was his maid and that perhaps at some time we might come to see him; I told her that we were leaving almost at once, so she said "Mr. Lang has just returned from the theatre, perhaps he will see you." She dashed off and returned in a minute to ask us in, and so we meet Anton Lang. I asked him if he spoke English, and he said, with such a sweet smile, 'Oh! yes, a little," and indeed he spoke very good English and was so pleasant and nice, I told him how much pleasure he had given us all, and after a little visit we rushed off to catch our train for Munic. They have been giving the Passion Play since 1636. There are 1,600 inhabitants in Oberammergau and 800 of them take part in the great play. It is given every Sunday and Wednesday during the summer from May 1st to Nov. 1st, every ten years. Each day, before going to the rehearsal they attend mass, as to them it is a great religious festival.

We returned to Munic until Tuesday, when we went to Salzberg and remained there until the next day. Salzberg is full of interest, but not nearly as often visited by Canadians and "Americans" as other towns of far less interest. The hotel at which we stayed was splendid both as to accommodation and price, I might add, as the hotels we have generally stayed at are as expensive as the best New York hotels. The surrounding country is lovely also. Of course we only had time to visit the principal places. It is Mozart's birth place, we saw his old home. The room where he was born and the room in which he did most of his writing, both of which are filled with portraits of him and his family, autographs, documents, play bills; his small Spinet, on which we played, his skull, his first violin, writing case, prayer book, the watch presented to him by the Empress Marie Theresa on his 16th year, and many other things of the greatest interest. We also went to the famous Cathedral, and several other very old and interesting churches, among them St. Peter's Abbey and Church, lived in by the Benedictine Monks, and the most interesting and wonderful old graveyard connected with it. Then we went to the old fortress built on the rocks far above the town. It was built in 1077 and is a strange old place, the queerest I ever was in, with dungeons, torture chambers, winding stairs, etc. It has been very cool this summer in Germany and Austria and we have worn our winter clothes continuously, and we often long for some heat.

A Story of Erastus Wiman

THERE is in Toronto an old civil engineer, a Canadian who has returned to his native country after sojourning in many lands, and who was a friend of the late Erastus Wiman in his palmy days. The career of Wiman, the Toronto newsboy who rose to be a great American capitalist, and later came to an ignominious fall, is one that some day should receive an article all by itself. This tale has solely to do with an incident in his career when he was a magnate in New York and was engaged in making great modern improvements on Staten Island, where he had very heavy interests. One of these improvements involved a tunnel under a highway. Something went wrong with it, as often happens with contracts of the kind, and rival capitalists who were anxious to seize the fruits of his enterprise at once promoted litigation with a view to tying up the work until the franchise involved should expire under the time limit fixed. These are the sweet, kindly manners of capitalists toward each other.

The matter was fought through the courts, the technical point involved being whether the work which Mr. Wiman had carried out was a tunnel or an excavation. It was carried through several courts and one afternoon Mr. Wiman's old Canadian engineering friend whom he had not seen for years called on him and found him in a state of deep dejection. The courts had decided against him; his work was not a tunnel but merely an excavation. The money he had spent was lost and he was hit for heavy costs as well. He outlined the case to his friend, a case in which the best lawyers he could employ had been beaten.

"Well," said his friend, "didn't you know that there is no legal terminology governing works of engineering?"

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Wiman.

"Simply that there is no such thing in law as an excavation. An excavation is what it ultimately becomes."

"Explain yourself," said the capitalist.

"Well if you dig a hole in the ground in a vacant lot, it's an excavation, isn't it?"

"Of course!" said Mr. Wiman.

"But when you put a house on top of it it's a cellar, is it not? Your excavation if completed would have been a tunnel?"

"By Jove, that's true," said Wiman. "We'll reopen the case."

His lawyers were sent for. An appeal was granted and the case was won on this paradox, which was after all a very commonsense paradox.

Mr. Tudhope After the Fire

IT was two hours before the big fire in Orillia destroyed the Tudhope Carriage Company's works, that Mr. J. B. Tudhope, M.P., president of the company, stood in good-humored conversation with a newspaper correspondent. He was telling about his recollections of early days on the farm.

"Folks in my district were content with very little," observed Mr. Tudhope; "they began with a log cabin, then boarded it over, then bricked it. That made them permanently happy."

"But you seem to have written your life story in big capital letters," replied the correspondent. Mr. Tudhope smiled at the compliment. Two hours later his factories lay in ash heaps. It was the newspaper man's duty to again meet the downhearted president, and the irony of their previous conversation made them both smile.

"Well, what do you think of your homily on success?" the president was asked.

Mr. Tudhope looked his questioner square in the eye.

"I am afraid my Capitals are all pied," he answered.

Maurice Hewlett, the English author, is a warm advocate of peace. He set forth his views in a letter read at the annual meeting of the International Arbitration Peace Association, a few days ago. "I am, as you suppose, a peace-at-any-price man," he wrote. "The use of murder and homicide as a means of deciding international difficulties seems to me inconceivable. I do not, however, believe that we shall make any real advance until war is commonly spoken of in the terms we may apply to drunkenness or gluttony, as degrading and disgusting."

SERVICE AND HIS NEW BOOK

ROBERT W. SERVICE
Author of "Songs of a Sourdough" and "Ballads of a Cheechako."

ONE day late in the May of 1907 an unusual incident occurred in the editorial department of SATURDAY NIGHT. The editor-in-chief came into my room with a small book of poetry in his hand and enthusiasm in his eye.

"Say," he said, "you remember that letter I got the other day from the Briggs people saying they were getting out a volume of remarkable poems by a young fellow in the Yukon? Well, here it and, by Jove, it's the real stuff, I tell you."

I answered with a grunt that was far from responsive, for in the matter of Canadian poetry I had become—well, pretty thoroughly blase.

"Just wait till you read it," went on the editor, more enthusiastic than ever. "Listen to this." And he read aloud several stanzas from one of the poems, and then lines here and there from several others. "It's great stuff," he repeated. "To uncover a lad who can write like that is an important discovery."

"It sounds like good versification," I admitted; "but there are plenty of people who can imitate Kipling readily enough. Does he say anything? Is there anything striking or original in his stuff? Is there anything in it to compare with this?" And I in my turn read some extracts from a volume of delightful verse by the young English poet, Alfred Noyes, which had just come in.

"Oh, I know your attitude well enough," said the editor. "But take this book of Service's home and read the poems and they'll get you all right."

I took home the book—"Songs of a Sourdough," by Robert W. Service. The title seemed to indicate that the verse was of the whoop-la, wild-west variety—the so-called "strong" verse that is unconventional in language but conventional enough in ideas, without rarity of insight or depth of feeling. I was careful to take also the new volume by Mr. Noyes, thinking to console myself therein should the verse—I had not yet thought of it as poetry—by the "young fellow up in the Yukon" prove, as I feared it would, disappointing. Well, I opened the Service book and then quickly opened my eyes. Soon the "spell of the Yukon" was upon me. The big, strong pictures the "young fellow" had drawn of real human life in that rugged region, not with a dinky needle-point of conventional or mediocre artistry, but with fine, free, clean-cut slashing strokes, "got me" all right, and gave me nerve-chills all up and down my spine. I breathed the spirit of the North in those virile stories in verse. I felt for the men in them as though I had seen and known them in the flesh. Their tragedies gripped me; and I chuckled and laughed as I had rarely done over any piece of verse when I came to "The Cremation of Sam McGee."

The next morning I did not wait for the editor-in-chief to ask me what I thought of Service's book. I was overflowing with enthusiasm for the poems—an enthusiasm that fairly outdid his own. "Well," said he, "we ought to spread on this thing. Write what you think it's worth, and don't be afraid to let your enthusiasm go into it to the limit. We'll get a picture of Service and one of White Horse, where he lives, and feature the article in a way to make people sit up and realize that the real thing in Canadian poets has arrived."

And so there appeared in SATURDAY NIGHT on June 8, 1907, what I believe to be the first article which assayed "Songs of a Sourdough" as a collection of rich and shining nuggets from a fine and hitherto untouched vein in the mine of our literature. Young Mr. Service was referred to as "a western writer whose work arouses hopefulness of a new school of poetry in this country." That the poems were "the real stuff" and that the people of Canada quickly recognized them as being such is shown by the fact that extracts from the article referred to have in two short years appeared on the wrapper-covers of over 40,000 copies of the book—a most remarkable sale record for a volume of poetry.

* * *

Perhaps in recalling this reminiscence I have bordered on a violation of good taste and journalistic canons, but it is done merely to freshen the memories of SATURDAY NIGHT readers regarding the circumstances of the appearance on the literary horizon of a young man who without any literary training has caught the ear of the whole country, while on a bargain counter of a Toronto departmental store the other day hundreds of cloth-bound volmues of verse by "our best poets" were put on sale at *five cents apiece*. It might be added that when Service began to write he did so merely to amuse himself and his friends. When he sent the "Sourdough" collection to William Briggs, the Toronto publisher, he intended to himself stand the cost of issuing the book. Then arose a long and warm discussion among the heads of departments at the Briggs establishment as to whether the house should take the responsibility of its publication. The merits of the poems were recognized, but most of those called on for an opinion in the matter believed, from experience, that the book would not sell. But wiser counsels prevailed, and the Briggs people are glad, you may be sure, that they did. 40,000 copies of the "Sourdough" book sold in two years and 15,000 copies of "Ballads of a Cheechako" ordered in advance of publication is certainly a record for any publisher to be proud of.

* * *

The extraordinary demand for "Ballads of a Cheechako," Service's new book of poems, just issued by Briggs, is an indication of the phenomonal interest taken in what is undoubtedly the outstanding event of the literary season in Canada—the appearance of the Yukon poet's second volume. When the book was finally announced the question arose—would it be up to the standard of the writer's strikingly successful first volume? Judging the poems by the extracts which have appeared in the daily press, those who had the keenest appreciation of this young man's work felt regretfully that they were merely echoes of his first rousing rhymes. But a reading of the "Ballads" speedily dispels that disappointing illusion. These new poems have the old swing and the old grip. But as they are practically all narrative poems—stories in verse—no broken quotations from them can give an adequate idea of their significance and strength. The introductory poem, however, is here given in full. It shows that young Service's hand has not lost its cunning, and it indicates the spirit of the volume:

My rhymes are rough, and often in my rhyming
I've drifted, silver-sailed, on seas of dream,
Hearing afar the bells of Elfland chiming,
Seeing the groves of Arcadie agleam.

I was the thrall of Beauty that rejoices
From peak snow-diademed to regal star;
Yet to mine aerie ever pierced the voices,
The pregnant voices of the Things That Are.

The Here, the Now, the vast Forlorn around us;
The gold-delirium, the ferine strife;
The lusts that lure us on, the hates that hound us;
Our red rags in the patch-work quilt of Life.

The nameless men who nameless rivers travel,
And in strange valleys greet strange deaths alone;
The grim, intrepid ones who would unravel
The mysteries that shroud the Polar Zone.

These will I sing and if one of you linger
Over my pages in the Long, Long Night,
And on some lone line lay a calloused finger,
Saying: "It's human true—it hits me right";
Then will I count this loving toil well spent;
Then will I dream awhile—content, content.

Then follow poems that are as strong and compelling as the "Sourdough" songs. In those of serious purpose the fine note struck in "The Law of the Yukon" is steadfastly maintained. "The Ballad of Blasphemous Bill," with its gruesome humor, is a rattling good companion of "The Cremation of Sam McGee." "The Man From Eldorado" easily matches "The Shooting of Dan McGrew." And so the poems run—as dashing in the matter of versification, as fresh and virile in substance as those of the famous "Sourdough" collection—and differing by the whole width of heaven from the mass of poor, thin tinkling rhymes on rivers, lakes, and mountains and jingling apostrophes to "this Canada of ours," which for many years have passed in this country for poetry. As was noted in these columns when "Songs of a Sourdough" made its appearance, "so-called Canadian poetry has up to this time largely depended upon topographical and historic references or blatant and extravagant expressions of patriotism to give it an alleged national character, with the result that it has merely borne the stamp of provincialism." But Robert W. Service has done something different, and he has had his reward. People who "never read poetry" read Service's poems, and are delighted with them. Canada, which, on the authority of Dr. Goldwin Smith, is "not a literary field," buys 55,000 copies of this hitherto unheard of writer's poems in two years!

There is only one of the "Ballads" which might better have been omitted—"The Ballad of the Brand." It is altogether too artificial for Service. The best poem in the new volume is "The Ballad of Pious Pete," a picture of a man driven crazy by the awe-inspiring North.

* * *

When Mr. Service wrote his "Sourdough" volume (and by the way, while "Sourdough" means in the North "old-timer," "Cheechako" is there synonymous of tenderfoot, greenhorn, or newcomer) he was a clerk in the Bank of Commerce at White Horse, Yukon, but is now in that bank's branch at Dawson. Though young, he has seen a good deal of the seamy side of life. When he was only fourteen he tramped through Mexico, and for five years or so he drifted up and down the Pacific Coast, living in all sorts of places and doing all sorts of things for his bread and butter. Now, it is said, he talks some of giving up his work as a bank clerk and going in exclusively for writing. Whatever he may do in the future, however, he has already earned the applause of the country by a unique achievement—applause that is likely to be sustained for a long time to come. HAL.

William Waldorf Astor as an Englishman.

SAYS London M. A. P.: Of all the foreigners who have taken up their residence in England, Mr. Willam Waldorf Astor is one of the few to endeavor to become an Englishman heart and soul. He became naturalized the moment the law of residence would let him, and he has become the owner of two landed estates of many thousands of acres, as well as a vast amount of London town property. Beyond the shrewd business ability which every American inherits as a national birthright, and a slight American accent, which no one from the other side can ever be quite divested of, there is nothing but what is absolutely English about Mr. Astor.

Everything he does is in the English way. He has brought no Americanisms with him. While princely in their magnificence, his entertainments are never marred by ostentatious display. In short, there is nothing of the blatant millionaire—either American or English—about him. Another thing: By nature he possesses the cold and distant exterior that the English are proverbially said to exhibit to strangers, and he strenuously discourages intimacies. In politics he is a strong Conservative, and is ever ready to help the advancement of party interests by generous donations and subscriptions. He is also openhanded in his gifts to charitable objects.

Mr. Astor's two sons he has brought up and educated in strict accord with the customs followed by English parents. As soon as they were old enough he sent them to Eton. There the elder, William, took up boating with keen interest, and soon became a star among the "wet bobs," rowing seven in the college boat at Henley, and there for two seasons helping his school to win the Ladies' Plate. He was "Captain of the Boats" of his year, and was altogether a striking figure in the sporting life of Eton. From there he went up to Cambridge, and though never getting his Blue in the 'Varsity boat, took a prominent part in the aquatics of his college. The younger son, John Jacob, went in for cricket, and for two years was in the Eton XI., making big scores against both Harrow and Winchester. After leaving Eton he went into the 1st Life Guards.

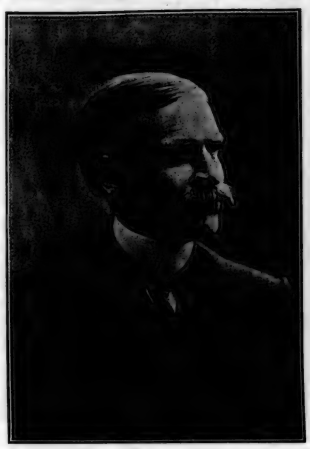
Canada's Water Power.

THERE are few, if any, countries which have such magnificent water powers as Canada possesses, says the Vancouver Daily News. The development of electrical science has given these water powers a value far beyond what they were considered to have thirty or even twenty years ago. In the cheap production of power which is possible by the utilization of the currents of our rivers and streams, we have the most important factor for the foundation of all lines of manufacture under most favorable conditions.

Mr. Challies estimates the minimum flow development of all the water powers of Canada at 25,682,907 horsepower, of which but 516,885 horse-power has as yet been developed. A calculation made by Mr. Young shows that the maintenance of one horse-power per annum from steam power requires a consumption of 21.9 tons of coal. If we take this as a basis the available water powers of the Dominion represent an energy which, if maintained by steam power, would require a coal consumption of 562,455,633 tons per annum.

For the purpose of demonstrating the possibility of escape from a submerged submarine through a torpedo tube, Midshipman Kenneth Whiting, in command of the U.S. submarine Porpoise, at Manila, recently allowed himself to be propelled through the ports in sixty feet of water. He suffered no injuries, but the method is not completely satisfactory, as it requires that one man shall remain inside the vessel to actuate the torpedo-firing mechanism.

Baron Goto, the Japanese minister of communications, is investigating the advisability of transporting mail by automobiles in the principal cities of Japan, and also possibly to distant points where railway traffic is not yet opened.



Thomas Southworth, Esq.

IN view of the steady development of interest in forestry and its problems, it is timely to publish the portrait of Mr. Thomas Southworth, the president of the Canadian Forestry Association, who has done and is doing a great work for the awakening of public interest in the timber resources of the Dominion. Mr. Southworth, who was born in Leeds County, Ontario, early entered journalism. For several years he was connected with the Brockville Recorder, part of the time as sole proprietor, and part of the time as an associate of the Hon. George P. Graham. He always took a great interest in the forestry question, and in 1895 his work on this subject was given official recognition by his appointment to the position of Director of Forestry for Ontario. Two years later he was made a member of the special commission appointed to examine and report on the forest wealth of the province. In both these positions he did excellent work and was the promoter of many greatly needed enactments. As Director of Colonization he has also deserved very well of the province, and has done much to make known the agricultural possibilities of the "clay belt." Early this year, however, he resigned his position to enter commercial life. But he retains his great interest in forestry, and a very successful year of the Association is expected under his presidency.

Spanning the Zambesi River in Rhodesia, just below the Victoria Falls, is the highest railroad bridge in the world. Over it the through Cape-to-Cairo trains will some day pass, as it carries the railroad north into northern Rhodesia. The bridge is 650 feet in length and is 400 feet above low-water level. It is one of the marvels of modern engineering. It was constructed from both ends at once, the material for the northern end being transported across the river above the falls in boats. Not a life was lost in its construction.

THE tournament of the Dominion Bowling Association at Woodbine Lawns proved to be one of the most successful ever held by that body. The average of play was high, the contests were keen throughout, and the different matches were carried out in the utmost harmony. A notable feature of the meet was the manner in which some of the mightiest bowlers went down in the preliminary rounds. This may be a very disappointing occurrence to the mighty bowlers themselves and to their friends, but it is a good thing for the game that there should be a change-about of leadership.

The Connaught "Command"

RECENTLY SATURDAY NIGHT commented on the resignation of the Duke of Connaught from the position made for him at the head of the British army, and in this connection the following article on "The Army Council's Greatest Practical Joke," from The London Bystander, written by a military correspondent, is of interest:

The Duke of Connaught has resigned the post of Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief and High Commissioner in the Mediterranean, to which he was appointed in December, 1907. How His Royal Highness was ever induced to accept this curious appointment it would be difficult to say. That it was invented for the particular purpose of finding employment for a member of the Royal house, who was not "wanted" elsewhere by the Whitehall big-wigs, was obvious to everyone at the time. No doubt, from the first, the Duke has suspected that this was the case, and that the "command" was a spurious one. It is to the credit of his patriotism that he put up with it for so long as he did. Let us hope that, with his disappearance from it, the post will vanish also.

A glance at the pages devoted to

H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught who has resigned the post of Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief and High Commissioner in the Mediterranean, on the ground that the position is practically a sinecure.

the Commands of the Army in the current Army List will provide considerable amusement to a man with a little military knowledge. The Home Commands come first, naturally, and then the East Indies. So far, so good. Then the inquiring eye alights upon the word "Mediterranean" in huge capitals. For a moment one wonders whether the Navy List has not been picked up by mistake. Let us look into this odd business. Under the maritime capital letters are subheadings: Crete, Cyprus, Force in Egypt, Gibraltar, Malta and its Dependencies! And this extraordinary assortment is officially described as the Mediterranean Command. Now Egypt is 2,000 miles from Gibraltar. (How the Adjutant-General and Military Secretary of 1907 must have chuckled over that joke!) To get about and do his work (if any) the G.O.C. of the Mediterranean Command would have, and has had, to spend the best part of his time on board ship. There is nothing like a 2,000-mile journey to convince a man of his importance, must have reflected the Chief of the General Staff. Hence the Duke of Connaught was made a Military Admiral. Not at all bad fun, mind you; but the Army Council's practical jokes are so very trying for the taxpayer.

It is entertaining to recall Mr. Haldane's promise to the House of Commons that the occupant of this post would not be allowed to interfere in matters of local administration. In the name of everything that is logical, what on earth was it created for? For the purpose of the inspection of the 18,000 British troops in Gibraltar, Malta, Crete, Cyprus, and Egypt? Was it necessary to maintain a Field-Marshal, with an Assistant Military Secretary and three aides-de-camp, not to mention a Major-General of the General Staff to see to the buttons and belts of troops who were quite adequately looked after by their own G.O.C.'s? It is of little use to pretend that the Duke was given this appointment that he might devote his attention to the consideration of questions of strategy and defence in the Mediterranean. Imagine the absurdity of commissioning a Field-Marshal to live in Malta and to spend his days worrying over the defences of Gibraltar, Malta, Crete, and Cyprus! Questions of strategy and defence in connection with our Mediterranean holdings can just as well be studied and solved in Whitehall as in Malta. What is the General Staff for if Field-Marshals are going to be banished abroad to do the work? And what, after all, are these precious questions of strategy and defence? I think I know them. They get tackled in Whitehall when the weather's too bad for golf.

The Duke has, it seems, refused to be a mere figure-head. I am only surprised that he has put up with the anomalous position so long. Opinions of His Royal Highness's military capacity may differ, but he was an excellent Inspector-General of the Forces. It was during his tenure in that important post that a certain crack cavalry regiment got that sharp jolt that did such genuine good to the Service generally. He is as keen a soldier as there is in the Army, from the Sandhurst cadet upwards, and everyone wants to know what the Army Council are going to do with him. There must be no more manipulation of the military commands. It would be a good thing for the Service generally if the Duke were given a post of high responsibility—*and necessity*—at home.

The sale of Rouget de l'Isle's old house in Paris has revived the old question whether he was the composer as well as the author of the "Marseillaise." The air has also been claimed for a violinist of some note in his day, named Alexandre Boucher, who improvised it—so the story goes—to oblige a colonel whom he had met at a hotel. The colonel, the story continues, hummed it to the bandmaster of his regiment, who wrote it out and orchestrated it, and Rouget de l'Isle wrote words for it (merely altering six-eight time into common time) at the suggestion of the gaoler of the prison in which he was confined at Marseilles. What truth there is in the story it is practically impossible to say; but there is no doubt that Alexandre Boucher, who lived to be 92, told it to a journalist in 1860, two years before his death.

The talking postal card is the invention of a French engineer, and has become so popular in that country that the American rights have been secured, and the device will be placed in the cities of the United States. The person wishing to send a talking postal card to a friend enters the booth and talks into the machine that records the words on the specially prepared postal card. When the recipient receives the card, a hundred or a thousand miles away, he, or perhaps she, takes the card to the nearest postal booth and inserts it in a machine, which talks the message it contains. The record on the postal card is indestructible, and the exact voice of the sender is heard.

The new compass recently adopted by the German Government for their warships is a remarkable instrument. It is known as the gyroscope compass and is the invention of Dr. Anschuetz-Haempfe. A nine pound wheel mounted in a holder of quicksilver is made to rotate at the rate of 21,000 revolutions a minute by an electric motor. After running for two hours the wheel is set in the direction of the mathematical meridian, which direction it maintains. The advantage of the new compass is that it is entirely unaffected by neighboring iron or steel or by vibrations and rolling of the vessel. A compass card attached indicates direction in the usual way.

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"Yes," answered the taxicab man. "You aren't kicking, are you?"

"No, I'm congratulating myself. If we went that far in so short a time we were mighty lucky not to get arrested for scorching."

The Honorary Governors who will visit Toronto General Hospital during the coming week are Mr. W. G. Gooderham and Mr. W. R. Brock.

When Old Age Comes.

IF God grant me old age
I would see some things finished;
some outworn;
Some stone prepared for builders
yet unborn.
Nor would I be the sated, weary sage
Who sees no strange new wonder
in each morn.
And with me there on what men call
the shelf
Crowd memories from which I cull
the best—
And live old strifes, old kisses,
some old jest;
For if I be no burden to myself
I shall be less a burden to the rest.

. . . . . .

If God grant us old age,
I'd have us very lenient toward our
kind,
Letting our waning senses first
grow blind
Toward sins that youthful zealots can
engage,
While we hug closer all the good
we find.
I'd have us worldly foolish, heaven
wise,
Each lending each frail succor to
withstand,
Ungrudging, ev'ry mortal day's demand;
While fear-fed lovers gaze in our old
eyes,
And go forth bold and glad and
hand in hand.

—Burges Johnson in Harper's Magazine.

The Revival of the Morgan Horse.

WITHIN the last few years a serious attempt has been made both by Government and by individual breeders to revive the almost extinct Morgan strain of horses. Seventy-five years ago this horse stood second to none in popularity, but the strain degenerated through various causes until it became almost forgotten.

Some horse lovers there were, however, who had not forgotten the Morgan's fame, and who believed the Morgan to be the finest and most distinctive type of horse America had produced, not excepting the less sturdy trotter. According to Country Life in America, they hope to bring the Morgan back to his former preeminence and to breed a modern Morgan that shall prove to be our best fast harness horse.

The original Morgan horse was born in Vermont about 1789, and was owned by Justin Morgan, farmer. This horse was used for all round farm purposes as well as for breeding, and on some special days when the local militia was to be reviewed because of his fine appearance he would be loaned to their commanding officer.

There has been much speculation about the real blood of this wonderful animal, but though many stories are told of his origin none of them has ever been accepted as authentic. It is generally believed, however, that there was much Arab and Barb blood in his make-up. Justin Morgan, as he was named after his first owner, had several sons and daughters from various good mares, and these formed the basis of the family.

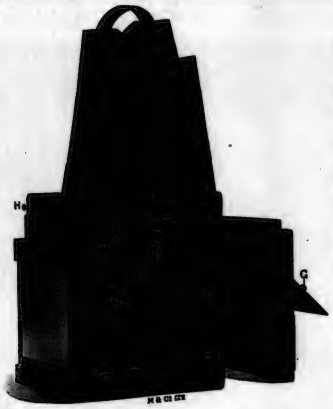
Early in the last century New England in general and Vermont in particular became famous for these horses. They were small but compact, well built, and very good roadsters, with powers of endurance little short of remarkable. They were noted also for symmetry, docility, intelligence and speed.

From Vermont they were distributed over the entire United States and a considerable portion of Canada, the blood entering into the light harness stock and having an effect of great value. The principal effect was the endurance and stamina which it gave, for with a few exceptions it did not produce extreme racing speed.

The Morgans reached their highest fame between 1850 and 1870, but after that came near to perishing as a breed by continued crossing and recrossing with the Hambletonians. The passion for speed at all costs in the light horse caused breeders to neglect conformation and quality, and even that stamina for long and continuous travel for which the Morgan was noted. The small size was also a fault when market requirements were considered.

The result was that Morgan mares were mated with standard bred stallions of other strains to get speed and increased size and the Morgan type was very largely bred out. These standard bred horses were not of the Morgan type, and in many cases they were not desirable individuals for breeding purposes. Even in Vermont the effects of these crosses are found on every hand. In the southern part of the State it is hard to find horses showing the Morgan type, but further north they are more common.

Believing that the Morgan characteristics were too valuable to the horse breeding industry to be lost, the bureau of animal industry of the United States Department of Agriculture established a stud in co-operation with the Vermont Experiment Station to revive interest in the Morgan breed. The type selected was that of the old Morgan, with size and quality. With increased size the Morgan horse answers the requirements of the market for light horses and is a profitable horse for farmers to raise.



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The Soho Reflex represents the latest development in the production of hand cameras. For the beginner in photography, as well as for the expert, it is the ideal aid to artistic picture-taking.

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WHILE making a trip through the southwestern part of New Mexico, Herbert W. Wolcott, of Alamogordo, N.M., found a grass from which he believes a narcotic may be extracted which will take the place of those now known to medicine.

"The grass is known as 'sleepy grass' to the natives of New Mexico near the Apache reservation," said Mr. Wolcott. "Cattle and horses will eat it the first time they see it. It makes them fall to the ground in their tracks and lie in a state of coma for two days. When they wake up they have no ill effects from the opiate. But they will never eat it again; in fact they will run away if it is offered to them.

"This 'sleepy grass' is not to be confused with the loco weed. The grass is a real grass, not unlike the Kentucky blue grass in appearance. The loco weed is a plant and bears a flower. Horses and cattle become loco fiends and are worthless after tasting the deadly stuff."

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS had just been covering Dr. Johnson with flattery.

"Really, Reynolds," said the great lexicographer, "if you don't stop this kind of talk I'll have to turn you into a verb and put you into my dictionary."

"What verb?" demanded Reynolds.

"To Josh," replied Johnson.

She (to future son-in-law)—I may tell you that, though my daughter is well educated, she can not cook. He—That doesn't matter much, so long as she doesn't try.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

SPORTING COMMENT

CAUGHT BETWEEN BASES

TENNIS is just now attracting a tremendous deal of interest, on account of the Niagara tournament, and also on account of the recent appearance in this city of Miss Sutton as an opponent of Mrs. Hannam, the Canadian champion. Of course, the game here was played in doubles, which makes it somewhat more difficult to get a line on the comparative merits of the two players. But even while making all the necessary allowances, those who attended the match saw much reason to believe that Mrs. Hannam had an excellent chance for the championship. In beauty of style she greatly surpassed Miss Sutton, and her work throughout was marked by splendid finish and accuracy. But the American champion possesses great aggressiveness and a superb vitality, which would stand her in good stead in a hard grueling match. And this is just where Mrs. Hannam's many admirers fear that she might fail. Even in the match on St. Matthew's courts she fell off a little in her play towards the end of the match, which only ran to two setts, and doubles at that. Of course it is very likely that she did not force herself at all. But a championship finals is a terrible strain, and it is a question how she would bear up under it. At Niagara both Mrs. Hannam and Miss Sutton have shown splendid form, winning their matches with great ease. It now seems clear that the championship will go to one or other of them, and in a very short time the question will have been decided. But whichever gets the victory, it will only be after a splendid contest, worth going some distance to see.

* * *

THE aviation contests at Rheims are giving people a still better idea of the possibilities of aeroplanes than was given even by such a sensational feat as the flying across the Channel. Because, after all, Bleriot's feat was a solitary performance, but here are dozens of machines competing, and often as many as half a dozen of them are in the air at a time. And these aeroplanes shoot about gracefully and lightly as so many birds, acting under perfect control, turning to right and to left, gliding up or down at the will of the aviator, and doing all this with the speed of express trains. A striking instance of what can be done in this way was given by the American, Glenn Curtiss, who was hurtling along through the air, when suddenly it was noticed that Lefebvre, a French entry, was taking a course at right angles to his, which would inevitably mean a collision, and the death of either or both the men in all probability. But the danger was avoided almost as quickly as it was noticed. Like a flash Curtiss's machine shot up into the air, and Lefebvre's boomed past just underneath. This was certainly a startling exhibition of what can be done with aeroplanes in the hands of capable aviators. The speed attained by the machines has also been a revelation. Altogether the contest at Rheims, even at this stage of the proceedings, has given people a new insight into the advance that has been made in the noble sport of flying.

* * *

IN spite of its patriotic and military aspects, the meeting of the Dominion Rifle Association at Rockcliffe should come under the head of sport. For in one aspect at least, it is a competition in skill of hand and eye, and it is this side of it which gives it its pleasure. If a man's sole idea in going to the ranges was to fit himself to pump lead into possible enemies, he might do a lot of earnest work, but he would hardly get much pleasure out of it. When, however, it is a contest for honors as a marksman, and when it is entered into in the spirit of a sporting meet, there comes into play the pleasant emulation of all such tournaments. Then the contestants enjoy the game, and hundreds are led to take it up who would never think of going into it otherwise. That this spirit is growing, is clear from the increase of entries at the meet this year. All records have been broken; and the large attendance as well as the excellent work done, points to this being the most successful of all the meets held by the Association.

* * *

THE most notable feature of Marlow Regatta was the last appearance of H. T. Blackstaffe, the famous Vesta sculler and oarsman, who has been rowing for fully twenty years, during which he has won an enormous number of prizes. Mr.

A NEW PORTRAIT OF MR. H. L. DOHERTY

As a golfer Mr. Doherty's name bids fair to become as famous as it is in connection with the game of lawn tennis.

Blackstaffe retired from sculling last season after winning the Olympic race, but he consented to row for Vesta this year. The veteran had the satisfaction of winning his last race. Vesta were opposed for the Grand Challenge Cup Fours by Palinurus, a crew of Eton boys, which included three members and a spare man from the Eton eight. The boys were big and strong, but they lacked experience of coxswainless rowing, and after a great struggle steered too wide at the finish, running into Vesta and stopping the latter. The race was awarded to Vesta.

* * *

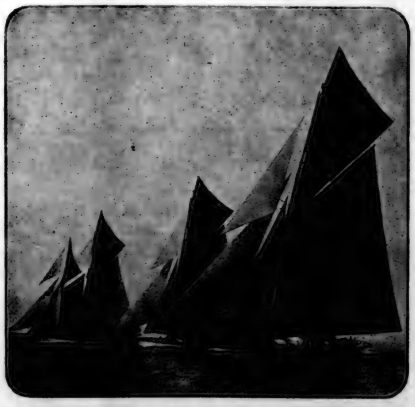
LITTLE men now as ever are booming in the lawn tennis world, says The Tatler. I look in vain at the championship roll to find two six-footers. R. F. Doherty is probably the tallest ex-champion, but even he never has to crane his neck to pass through the dressing-room door. H. L. Doherty, W. Baddeley, Roper Barrett, and Gore are all short men. In America you will find the same lack of commanding stature among the leading players. Beals Wright is broad-chested, but he expands only at the shoulders; Freddie Alexander, the breezy New Yorker who beat England's little man at Monte Carlo, could sit on Wright's lap in a tram car and not prove a burden; Karl Behr is short, Holcombe Ward is shorter still. I can only think of Clothier who would do credit to an American uniform.

In Germany, the land of giants, there is the same marked sympathy between lawn tennis and small men. Froitzheim and Rahe, the pick of the Germans, are cases in point. It would really seem as if the ability to look down on the court from any considerable height were detrimental. The explanation doubtless is that tall men are never, or very rarely, fine sprinters. Walker, the fleet-footed South African, is but one example. Rapid movement, a mobile body, is one of the main secrets of success on the court. Tall men may make powerful overhead volleyers by virtue of their long reach, but the long arm often proves a handicap on the baseline; it brings the racket too near the ball. K. Powell, who is over 6 ft., was only remarking the other day that he found difficulty in getting far enough away from the ball. The second-class player who hit down the middle of the court, and so to speak at him, often caused him more embarrassment than the first-class player who aimed at the corners, to which his long stride and long reach gave him easier access.

To confirm our suspicion that height may be just as much a handicap as weight we have Mavrogordato, one of the smallest and one of the lightest players, achieving distinction at so many tournaments. It is said that when this diminutive Greek had put out a famous giant, at a seaside meeting last year the latter asked indignantly how could he be expected to play against a man whose head was not visible above the net. H. S. Barlow made similar complaint against Baddeley if I remember right, and Barlow never looked up at anybody.

In truth "Mavro" is very small, but the strange thing is his stride is that of a player twice his height, from which it may be inferred that his legs are longer than his body demand, and such is the case. One of the quaintest sporting spectacles is to see this little fellow play E. R. Allen, behind whose portly frame a dozen Mavrogordatos could easily hide. It is like a duel between an elephant and a fox-terrier, the one treading heavily and searching for wind, the other gambolling gaily about as if released from a chain. Formerly the twin managed to hold his own despite the disparity in years, for he had the sounder strokes and was the better general, but this season "Mavro's" superior activity and the greater speed with which he invests his drive, rendering them more hard to recover, have won him two victories over the Falstaff of lawn tennis.

The little Greek has gone far up the lawn tennis ladder since he left Oxford with a double first, and he would go higher still if he could command a more pointed service and rid himself of the double-faulting habit. It is doubtless the simplicity of his initial stroke that makes him less dangerous against a hard driver like Ritchie or Gore and more effective against a softer hitter like Barrett. Barrett himself has a comparatively speedless service, but he places it so artfully that it is really a most guileful weapon. Mavrogordato does not place his slow service nearly so adroitly, and the result is an opportunity for his opponent to make a winning shot. It remains for the Greek to improve this department of his game. His record is already an enviable one. Since last September he has defeated G. W. Hillyard, C. P. Dixon, Roper Barrett, E. R. Allen, and a score of lesser lights. This month he has won three cups in seven days. Nimble, wily, and full of resource, the Greek may one day win the championship. Then we may truly say, "Whom the gods love are of dwarfish stature." PLAYFAIR.

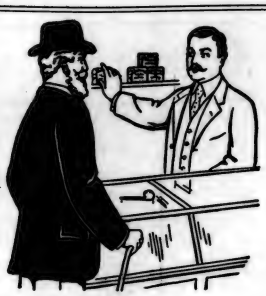


Meteor IV. White Heather Shamrock

The start in the First Race of Cowes Week. This race, in the 23-metre and "A" Class, was won by the German Emperor's Meteor IV.

"I'd like to get a job on a newspaper." Had any experience as a journalist?" "None." "Then what could you do on a newspaper?" "Seems to me that I could dish out excellent advice of some kind."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Pat—An' phwat the devil is a chafin-dish? Mike—Whist! Ut's a fryin'-pan that's got into society.—Boston Transcript.



"What is your best selling pipe tobacco, Henry?"

"Meerschaum Cut Plug, sir. It appeals to every man. It is absolutely pure tobacco—seven distinct varieties of natural leaf, perfectly blended.

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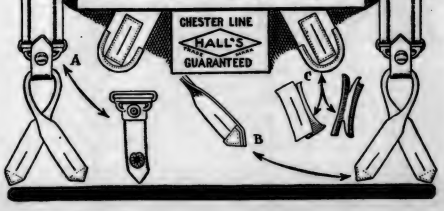

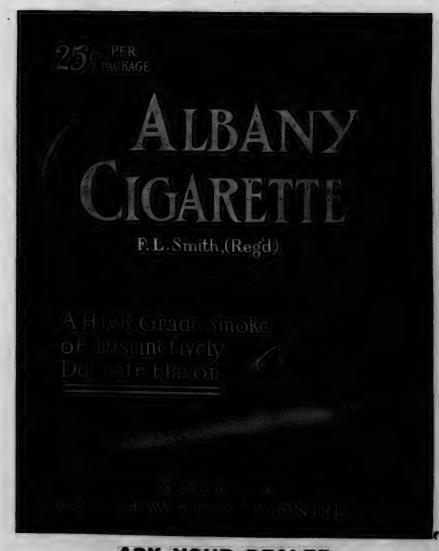

ASK YOUR DEALER

THE DRAMA

EDDIE FOY
In "Mr. Hamlet of Broadway."

NEXT week will see the opening in good earnest of the theatrical season. Then the two leading theatres of the city will throw open their doors, and the new season will be on us with a rush. With Eddie Foy in one and Victor Moore in the other, both with shows that have proved popular, the local stage is certainly getting away to a good start. And it is high time that these

SIR HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE
Leaving his house on his way to Buckingham Palace, where he was invested with the order of knighthood.

theatres opened, for the more popular-priced houses, including the vaudeville and burlesque theatres, have already begun their seasons; and the size of the audiences shows that in the case of the stage absence has certainly had the effect on the heart generally ascribed to it. There is only one melancholy reflection in this beginning of the theatre-year, and that is the thought that it rings the knell of summer. Once we get

VICTOR MOORE
In "The Talk of New York."

around to the exhibition and the theatres summer is over, and not even the occasional warm days that come in the beginning of September can blind us to the fact. Autumn is in the air. But though poets talk of "melancholy autumn days, the saddest of the year," the fall has its compensations—and not the least of them is the theatre. So let us then cast away vain melancholy at the passing of the roses, and sit down like guests at a dinner to study the menu of good things to be provided for us on the bounteous boards of stageland.

At the Royal Alexandra, besides Eddie Foy who opens the season next week with "Mr. Hamlet of Broadway," they announce Mary Manning, John Mason, "Going Some," "The Motor Girl," Eleanor Robson in "The Dawn of To-morrow," John Slavin, "The Blue Mouse," Lulu Glaser, Wilton Lackaye in "The Battle," "Billy," Forbes Robertson, "The Girl in Waiting," "The Witching Hour," Julia Marlowe, "A Lucky Fool," Viola Allen in "The White Sister," William Hodge in "The Man from Home," Marguerite Clark, "The Wolf," by Eugene Walters, Jefferson de Angelis in "The Beauty Spot," Dustin Farnum in "Cameo Kirby," Ezra Kendall in "The Vinegar Buyer," Madge Carr Cook in a new play, James T. Powers in "Havana," Charles Cherry, George Fawcett in "The Great John Ganton," "M'lle. Mischief," Madame Nazimova, "The Head of the House," "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," Blanche Ring in "The Yankee Girl," Lew Fields, "The Midnight Song," Marietta Olly, Madame Kalich, E. H. Sothern, "Marcelle," Maxime Elliott, Walker Whiteside in "The Melting Pot," Sam Bernard, "Girls," "The Manicure Girl," Bertha Galland, "A Little Brother of the Rich" and "The Squaw Man." This is certainly a good list of attractions, and should mean an excellent season for the Shubert house. The dates of the productions are not yet given, but will be announced later on. It is stated, however, that William Hodge, in "The Man from Home." will follow Eddie Foy.

In the announcements of the Princess theatre, the principal feature is the coming of Sir Charles Wyndham, who is to play here early in the season. The celebrated English actor is to play only a very limited tour in America, and Toronto is very fortunate to get him. Another English favorite coming soon is George Huntley in "Kitty Grey," and the Royal English Opera Co. is also booked for a week. Among the other attractions are such artists as Robert Mantell, William Gillette, Willie Collier, Grace George, Joe Webber, Elsie Janis, Fritzi Scheff, Chauncey Olcott, Fanny Ward, Anna Held, De Wolf Hopper, Hattie Williams in "Detective Sparkes," Lillian Russell in "The Widow's Mite" and Grace Van Studdiford in "The Golden Butterfly." "The Parisian Model" comes to the Princess for the second week of the fair and will be followed by "King Do-Do." The great New York success. "The Three Twins," comes in a little later, and then will follow in quick order such productions as "Ben Hur," "Lovecure," "The Thief," "The Barrier," "Paid in Full," "Cost of Chance," "The Round Up" and "Mississippi." These announcements certainly heighten one's expectations of the good time coming. Altogether Toronto theatre-goers would seem to be justified in looking forward to an exceptionally good season.

* * *

THIS is vaudeville weather, and Shea's is rising to the occasion beautifully. Warm days and nights make for short turns and lots of variety; the finish of the work doesn't count so much, so long as there is life in it. That is all the perspiring vaudeviller asks, that he should be kept interested. And this week's bill at Sheas' certainly does it. There are no acts on the programme of very surpassing merit, but the general average is very high, and there is not a dull moment. All the acts possess characteristic features. Some of the best numbers were the Dixie Serenaders—who were much too good to be put first on the bill—Bertie Herron and her company in the tabloid musical comedy, which was full of good dancing and had some clever comedy work, and Seldom's living statuary. The poses are well done, are really artistic pieces of work, and are entirely free from any trace of vulgarity. Altogether it is a bill which even the thirsty are apt to sit through—and that is saying a lot these days.

NEXT WEEK'S BILLS

Royal Alexandra—Eddie Foy in "Mr. Hamlet of Broadway."

Princess—Victor Moore in "The Talk of New York."

Grand—"The Gay Musician."

Shea's—Vaudeville.

Gayety—"Parisian Widows."

EVERYTHING is now in readiness for the opening of the Royal Alexandra on Monday night next, when Eddie Foy, the only and original Eddie, will go the limit with the melancholy Dane. There have been many Hamlets, as many as the men that that have played it—and also a woman or two—but it is quite safe to say that there never before was a Hamlet quite like the one which has been created by the lanky comedian with the peculiar voice. But the outline of the plot gives one an idea of the opportunities of which Foy has taken such complete advantage. Joey Wheeze, a stranded circus clown—otherwise Eddie Foy—finds himself thrown into the company of a lot of amateur actors ambitious to play Hamlet. They have all the roles filled except that of the Prince of Denmark, and as that part is more or less necessary for the proper presentation of the tragedy, they are at an entire loss until Joey volunteers to play it for them. It has long been a pet ambition of his to act in this role, and he seizes with both hands on the opportunity. He plays it for all there is in it—and also a good deal not in it—and the "points" are fearfully and wonderfully made. A chorus, said to be unusually pulchritudinous, abets him in his assault on ancient stage traditions. As a sample of the lines, the following, in which Foy considers shuffling off the coils of the stage, is a typical instance:

"To flee or not to flee, that is the question.
Whether it is nobler in the "shine" to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous scorchings,
Or to fling his claims against a sea of critics
And, I suppose, offend them.
To fly, to sneak, to "blow" and by that sneak
To say, I end the headshakes and the thousand
Natural wrongs the profesh is heir to.
To fly, to sneak, and when that sneak I make
What meals may come? For where's the grub?
Oh! who could bear the trips to one night stands,
The Press's wrongs, the crowd's damned contumely,
The train's delay, the pangs of despised hotels,
The insolvency of managers and the spurn of waiting sheriff,
When your trunk he takes with a bare suit case?
This makes me rather play the part I have then fly—
What Ho! Some music!"

* * *

Both Mr. Victor Moore and "The Talk of New York" are well known in Toronto, and therefore do not require any lengthy introduction. Both have been seen here and both have proved deservedly popular. In the present return engagement, which opens at the Princess on Monday night next, the genial star is surrounded by an excellent company, and the continued story of "Kid" Burns, first made famous in "Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway," is given with the same verve and swing, so generally characteristic of Cohan productions. As for Victor Moore himself, he fills the part of the "Kid" so naturally and so completely, that it would seem to have been made for him, or he for it. But as a matter of fact, it is said that the choice of him for the creation of the role was merely the result of a fortunate accident, which brought him to Mr Cohan's attention while playing in a vaudeville sketch with his wife. At any rate, however, it came to pass, he makes an ideal "Kid" Burns, whose popularity more than justifies the rather unusual expedient of a dramatic sequel.

* * *

At the Grand Opera House next week, Julian Edwards' comic opera, "The Gay Musician," will hold the boards. This opera is generally regarded as one of the best efforts of the well-known composer, and has had a very successful career, beginning with a run of one hundred nights at Wallacks Theatre, New York city, during the summer of last year. It is said to be full of tuneful numbers, ranging from dreamy love-waltzes to stirring marches. The book is by Siedle and Campbell. The company presenting the opera here is said to be a good one, and comprises such singers as Frances Lee, Jacqueline du Barry, Harry Benham, Richard Karl, Leo H. White, and Roger Gray.

* * *

Nellie Waring, direct from the London music halls, is making her first appearance at Shea's Theatre next week. Miss Waring will sing her own original story-songs. The special attractions for the week will be Maud Rockez's animal act, "A Night in a Monkey Music-Hall," and the Howards as the Hebrew messenger-boy and the Thespian. Other acts included in the bill are, Una Clayton and company, presenting "His Local Color," the Basque Quartette, Fred Singer, Veronica and Hurl Falls, and the Kinetograph.

A SCENE FROM "THE GAY MUSICIAN."

* * *

There is a good deal in a name, when all is said and done, and "Parisian Widows," the name of the attraction at the Gayety next week, would seem to promise the patrons of the house a royal spread of their favorite entertainment. There are two comedies, "The Actors' Boarding House," and "Fun in a Department Store." The advance agent claims that they are both well staged, and that the chorus-ladies have more beauty and display more beauty than most.

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COHAN AND HARRIS PRESENT
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SAME GREAT CAST 20 MUSICAL GEMS 75 PEOPLE 75

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Fall Term begins Sept. 1, 1909.

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"OTTO HIGEL"
Piano Action

MUSIC

In the good old summer time, music finds its aesthetic expression in the band concert. In the spring a young man's fancy may lightly turn to thoughts of love, but for real solid enjoyment in the matter of love-making the band concert seems to provide the most glorious accompaniment and opportunity. Take a stroll around the park at one of these functions, and observe the various grades of cooing and wooing that provide words to the music of the band. As one plucks a vagrant mosquito from the back of one's neck, it is interesting to examine the different manifestations which range from flirtation to osculation.

The most blood-curdling pieces seem to provide the most welcome accompaniment. Given the "Battle of Prague" or the "Charge of the Rough Riders" and the love-making goes busily and merrily on. Should the instrumentalists drift into something soulful and tender from "Il Trovatore" or some such opera that depicts the grievous plights of love, you will at once see a restiveness come over the Strephons and Chloes. They seem to chafe under and resent this incursion into their dallying mood. But all fretfulness and petulance perceptibly diminishes as soon as the warlike strains thrill the atmosphere.

The hoarse cry of the peanut vendor, the importunate call of the dispenser of ice-cream cones, the shrill appeal of the popcorn man, when combined with the music of the military mood, seem to forward the business of courtship with remarkable efficacy. If only a dog-fight can be brought about, the bliss of the philanderers seems rapturous; and if a miniature riot is developed among the partizans of the contesting canines, so that the intervention of a policeman is imperative, the transports of the trueloves and their swains are like to cause them to swoon with emotion.

Occasionally the bandsmen lay aside their instruments, and tune their vocal pipes to the measure of

"My luve is like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June,
My luve is like the melodie
That's sweetly played in tune,"

or some such thing, invariably bearing upon the eternal theme of the poets. But the efforts of the male chorus are not only received with disapproval, but are oft freighted with disastrous results. Quarrels ensue, bitter words are bandied, and separations seem imminent.

Yet, let the music once again swing into the strains of the "Chicago Fire" or the "San Francisco Earthquake," and all is well; each Dulcinea is addressed with gallant fervor, and all promises to go as merrily as doth the marriage bell.

Great is the power of music; and, moreover, mightily mysterious.

* * *

An eminent Bach authority comes to town next week in the person of Mr. W. H. Humiston, who will conduct at the Grand the "Gay Musician," by Julian Edwards, the well known composer of "Princess Chic," "Dolly Varden," and other successful light operas. Mr. Humiston is reputed to be able to give page, line, and measure, for any musical effect which may be ascribed to the great Johann Sebastian.

* * *

Mr. Charles C. Washburn, professor of music, Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn., came over from Chautauqua, N.Y., where he has been giving recitals with Mme. Marie Zimmerman and Mr. Frank Croxton, to call upon Mr. R. S. Pigott, bringing with him some very flattering notices of Mr. Pigott's songs. When Mr. Washburn sang "Nora" in Nashville, The Daily American said that it was the best Irish song ever heard there. Of "When I Am Dead," the Chautauqua Daily said: "Mr. Pigott's setting of Christina Rosetti's beautiful poem is exquisite, and it was exquisitely sung by Mr. Washburn at yesterday's recital." And last week at the Monteagle (Tenn.), Chautauqua, Mr. Washburn scored his greatest success with Mr. Pigott's "Mother o' Mine." Mr. Frederic Cummings, professor of English at the Hollins Institute, Virginia, also made the journey from Chautauqua to Toronto to pay his respects to the composer of "When I Am Dead."

* * *

The Schubert Choir concerts for 1910 will mark another advance in the history of this society, as they have not only re-engaged the famous Pittsburg Orchestra with the great conductor, Emil Paur, but have also added to their generous programmes the great soprano prima donna, Mme. Jean Jomelli.

Mme. Jomelli has a world-wide reputation, and her more brilliant successes have been won in Berlin, Paris and London, making frequent appearances before the nobility of Europe. At present the great diva is visiting her birthplace, Amsterdam, Holland, where she is a favorite and friend of Queen Wilhelmina, but will return to America early in the fall, having cancelled her English contracts owing to the enormous demand for her in the United States. The two concerts with the Schubert Choir will be the only opportunities for Torontonians to hear Mme. Jomelli next season, when she will be heard in solo and concerted numbers, one of the latter being the first production in English of Schubert's "Lazarus."

LINA CAVALLIERI,
The famous Prima Donna in the role of "Thais."

It is now only a few weeks to the first rehearsal of the society, and those intending to become members must send in their names at once to 137 Cottingham street, or 'phone North 1198.

* * *

An account of the tremendous earning capacity of such artists as Paderewski and Caruso is always listened to with respect, but word comes of an obscure Illinois musician who began his career twenty-five years ago with only 15 cents, and is now rated at $100,000. This vast accumulation of wealth was made possible by his frugality, strict attention to business, hard and incessant work, and the fact that a rich uncle died, leaving him $99,950.

* * *

The annual calendar of the Conservatory School of Expression for 1909-10 has been issued in the form of a handsome booklet. In it full information is given regarding the faculty and school, its objects, advantages, fees and the duferent courses. Especially strong courses are offered in expression, public reading, dramatic art, public speaking, literature, voice culture and physical culture. Also all subjects taught in the regular school are offered in night classes for those students who are unable to attend the classes of the regular school. The regular work of the Conservatory School of Expression will re-commence for the fall term on October 1. Special courses leading to graduation for those who are unable to enter the regular school, and private teaching in the different branches will commence September 1. The calendar will be mailed to any address upon application.

* * *

The Metropolitan School of Music, Toronto, will open its fifteenth season next Wednesday, and an exceptionally large registration of new pupils is already indicated as a probability. Mr. W. O. Forsyth, the director, is reserving time on Wednesdays and Saturdays for those desirous of consulting him regarding study in the musical departments of the institution, and appointments to that end can be effected through the secretary, from whom also can be obtained a copy of the new season's calendar. The elocutionary, dramatic and physical culture department of the Metropolitan promises special enlargements and activity this season, under Miss Theodora Jackes' direction, who is expected home from Europe about the middle of September, and who then may also be consulted by special appointment.

* * *

The regular practices of the Toronto Oratorio Society for this, its seventh season, will begin about the middle of September, of which fuller particulars will be announced shortly. In the meantime, however, the committee wishes to announce that the chorus, which now numbers 285, is to be enlarged to 400 voices, and a hearty invitation is given to choir members, vocal students and all who are interested to join the chorus. The works to be performed this year are "The Creation" and "Elijah," and it may be said that no other branch of choral work is more thoroughly enjoyable or more instructive and educative than is the study of these and other kindred works. To vocal students, and especially such as are looking forward to a professional or semi-professional career, this work is particularly commended. In England, all professional singers are thoroughly trained in oratorio, and neither there nor in America is a repertoire complete without an intimate acquaintance with the standard works. No doubt this explains why so many vocalists are found in the chorus of the Toronto Oratorio Society making themselves familiar with the entire work in hand. Mr. Sherlock, the conductor of the Society, may be seen at his studio, Room 5, 15 King street east, after the 1st of September. His telephone is Main 6107.

* * *

The Toronto Conservatory of Music will open on Wednesday next, the twenty-third season, with largely increased facilities and staff. Students should not delay enrolling, but should make an early beginning to derive the full benefit from a complete season's work. The new illustrated year book, giving full particulars, will be mailed on application.

* * *

Mr. J. M. Sherlock, the well-known vocal teacher, who, with his family, has been summering in the vicinity of Kingston, will return to the city to resume his various duties about the 1st of September.

* * *

The first American appearance of Mme. Lehmann, the famous pianist-composer, is to be at Carnegie Hall, New York, Saturday afternoon, Jan. 8. Mme. Lehmann will arrive during Christmas week, and rehearsals for the presentation of "In a Persian Garden" will be carried on under her personal direction. A special quartette of voices has been engaged for this work, and will accompany Mme. Lehmann on her subsequent tour. The distinguished composer will play all her own accompaniments, and have artistic charge of the tour.

Arpeggio.

* * *

George W. Young, the New York banker, is constructing what is believed to be the largest log bungalow in the world on his estate at Deal Beach, New Jersey. This is to be ready for the homecoming of Mr. Young and his bride, Mme. Nordica. The style of the bungalow, which is of great size, is in the form of a Greek cross, one storey in height. It stretches out in long narrow lines, curving back at the sides and with another extension, something like a wing, extending straight back from the center, the whole arrangement being also something like a drawn bow and arrow. A promenade will extend along the inside north wall the length of the structure, so that the whole interior can be thrown open as one room if desired. Many drives lead to the building, shaded with rare exotic and indigenous trees. To the west is a vast flower garden, and at proper distances are the many houses of employes, barns and garages. A huge Hollandic windmill supplies the estate with water, supplemented by the municipal supply.

* * *

R. E. Johnston announces that Mme. Nordica's recent marriage in London will not interfere with the filling of her American engagements. She sings at Ocean Grove on Labor Day and then makes a trip to the Middle West, principally in Ohio, and in November will open Grand Opera in Boston, after which she fills her Metropolitan Opera House engagements in New York. Col. Mapleson, her London manager, is trying to persuade her to appear in a series of operatic engagements with Jean de Reszke at Covent Garden, London, next season.

* * *

The London papers have written much lately regarding a national opera scheme for the production of English operas and foreign operas sung in English, which has been made feasible by the substantial endowment offer of 300,000 pounds from Mr. Joseph Beecham, of St. Helens and Liverpool. The Beecham family are well known patrons of the arts. Mr. Joseph Beecham (who inherited the famous Beecham pill factories from his father) is the owner of a large and valuable collection of pictures. He has always shown the keenest interest in musical affairs, and is a very able organist. His distinguished son, Mr. Thomas Beecham, has identified himself closely with London musical life as a conductor of great ability and founder of the orchestra which bears his name, and which comes to America next spring for a five weeks' tour. Throughout his London career he has shown the greatest interest in the new school of English composers, and has introduced many of their best works to the London public. It seems quite natural, therefore, that his father's offer should have taken the direction it has. Mr. Thomas Beecham is one of the promoters of the new scheme, the generally recognized business head of which seems to be Mr. George Dance, a London composer and impressario. It is now generally believed in London that the English opera plan is to have a few seasons' trial production in some of the existing opera houses before a special building is erected for it.

Doctor—Have you any last wish? Patient—Yes. I wish I had some other doctor.—Life.

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ANECDOTAL

THE retirement of Dr. Bellamy, so long president of St. John's, Oxford, will recall pleasant memories to many generations of Oxford men, especially those having any association with the beautiful college over which Dr. Bellamy ruled with such success. The late president had been a member of St. John's for no less than seventy-three years, and he succeeded Dr. Wynter in 1871. Few figures in university life have been so well known or so universally popular. Naturally, Dr. Bellamy was the hero of countless anecdotes, to which his strongly-marked personality, and, above all, his peculiar lisping intonation, lent point.

At St. John's, as at other Oxford Colleges, it is the custom for the scholars to read the lessons in chapel. This was something of an ordeal when the presidential stall was occupied, as Dr. Bellamy thought nothing of admonishing or correcting the reader before the entire congregation. On one occasion, however, it is reported that a nervous scholar, on leaving after the service, was astonished to be beckoned to the president's side.

"Well, Mr. Jones," said the president, "I'm glad I came to-day. I always lithen when you read the lethons."

The gratified youth blushed, and managed to murmur something about it being "very kind to say so, sir."

"Not at all," retorted the president affably, "it ithent that, it's your extraordinary acthent!"

In perhaps the cleverest of the stories connected with the late president, Dr. Bellamy himself plays but an objective part. Up to some years ago, it was his custom to take horse exercise, in the afternoon, upon a spirited animal, which, despite his advanced years, he managed with perfect mastery. The story goes that on one occasion a member of the college was showing a friend round Oxford, when they observed Dr. Bellamy setting out for his customary ride.

"And who," said the stranger, "is that?"

The answer is at least good enough to encourage a hope in its truth.

"That," replied his friend instantly, "is the Head of St. John the Baptist on a charger!"

* * *

A WELL-DRESSED man, said to be an Englishman, has been arrested in Montmartre, Paris, on a charge of tendering bad half-sovereigns for dinners and entertainments. Which reminds us of the story about the touring company which had been doing very bad business in "the smalls."

While the proprietor and sole responsible manager was standing outside the temporary theatre (the Corn Exchange), a very small boy with a very large melon arrived and proposed to barter the fruit for a seat in the gallery. The bargain was duly concluded, and the scene now changes to the interior of the theatre after the performance:

"Boy," says the manager severely, "that melon was rotten."

"That's all right," returns the youthful critic, "so was yer show."

* * *

THE other day a man took his young nephew to the barber for the first time. He hated to see the soft little curls cut off, but his mother decided they must go. As the barber tied the towel under his baby chin, he remarked, "How do you want your hair cut, young man?"

"Wif a little round hole in the top, like my faver's."

* * *

HARRY LAUDER, the Scotch comedian, was passing the Hotel Astor in New York, one day last winter, with his manager, William Morris. Morris had lavished money on Lauder in the way of entertainment, and Lauder said:

"William, ye ha' been gude t' me, so ye have. Come in, now, an' I'll treat ye."

Morris grabbed at the opportunity. Although he was paying Lauder three thousand dollars a week it was the first time Lauder had come up above the surface. They went in. There were three or four friends of Morris' there and they came over to be introduced to Lauder, who was nervous during the introductions.

After everybody had been presented, Lauder drew Morris aside. "William," he said, "I said I would treat ye, but I didna' say I'd treat all your friends. You wull ha' to pay for it, William."

And that was what William did.

CADDIE'S ADVICE.

"It's easy seen ye're no a native here, sir."

"But all my folks are buried about here, my boy."

"Ay weel, ye'd better tak yer iron; ye'll no get deep eneuch wi' yer driver."—The Tatler.

* * *

HENRY BLOSSOM, the author of Checkers, had a woolly dog he was showing to some friends in front of the Lambs Club in New York.

Outcault, the cartoonist, came along. Blossom exhibited his dog.

"You want to be careful about that dog, Henry," warned Outcault seriously. "I had one and had a lot of trouble with him. You must be careful about washing him. If you are not his eyes will get sore and he will die."

"Gee!" said Blossom, much impressed, "I'll have to have him dry-cleaned."

* * *

A PIONEER of country week work was praising the country vacation.

"A country vacation is better than a seashore one," she said. "You see things so much quainter. And the further into the country you go the quainter become the things you see.

"I once spent August in a village called the Head of Sassafras. The post office there was the general store. The morning after my arrival I went to the general store for my mail.

"A little girl preceded me with an egg in her hand.

"'Gimme an' egg's worth of tea, please,' I heard her say to the postmaster-storekeeper; 'and ma says ye might weigh out an egg's worth of sugar, too, for the black hen's a-cluckin', and I'll be up again in a minute.'"

* * *

A TEACHER was telling a class at school last Sunday about the Deluge, remarking:

"And then it rained for forty days and forty nights."

Then a little boy asked: "Were the farmers satisfied then, miss?"

* * *

THIS incident is said to have occurred recently at an English country home where a house-party was being entertained.

"My little girl is very clever," said the hostess to her guests. "She can imitate almost anyone."

"She can, indeed!" echoed the husband, proudly. "Come, my dear, show us what you can do. Pretend to be the housemaid."

The little girl bowed to one of the guests.

"Will you take any more chicken, ma'am, or a little more beef?" she politely asked.

Then she turned to another.

"Shall I put the screen before your chair, ma'am?" she inquired. "The fire is very fierce."

At this all the guests were greatly amused.

"Go on, my dear," chuckled the proud father

Backing away from her father, she exclaimed in a terrified tone:

"Sir, let me go! Don't touch me, sir! Let me go! Give you a kiss, indeed! Supposing missus was to hear you?"

Then the clever darling was suddenly bundled out of the room.

HOW TO CONQUER THE AIR

Dismal Jimmy: Well, if they want ter fly, why don't they put on wings and flap them.

* * *

THE boss entered the office, his face clouded, his brow wrinkled in angry thought. He called the office boy. Regarding the youth sternly, he said:

"Johnny, do you smoke cigarettes?"

"I d-d-do a l-l-little, sir," stammered Johnny, paling beneath the tan of the baseball field.

The boss fixed him with his eagle eye.

"Then gimme one," he said. "I left mine on the bureau."

* * *

AN American was dining late one evening in a crowded Parisian restaurant that is more celebrated for its "atmosphere" than for its good cooking. He suddenly saw an American woman arise from a table not far distant. There was evident perturbation on her face as she cried:

"Is there one of my countrymen here who understands French? If so, I want him quick, quick!"

The American, who was aware that he filled the stated requirement, rushed to her side, proffering assistance. She turned to him eagerly and grasped his sleeve convulsively.

"I cannot," said she—"I cannot make them understand. Will you have the goodness to order for me two hard-boiled eggs?"

* * *

THERE was a circus in a Mississippi River town, and a drummer, who was in a town four miles farther down the river wanted to get to it. The steamboat had left and there was no rig to be had. The drummer went to the river and found a negro sitting in a skiff.

"That your boat?" he asked the negro.

"Yassir."

"Want to rent it?"

"Yassir."

"How much for the afternoon? I want to go up to the circus."

"'Bout foah bits, boss."

"All right. Can you row?"

"What's dat?"

"Can you row?"

"No, suh. 'Deed I cain't do nuffin' laik dat, boss."

"Well, dodgast you, get in the stern there! You can do that, can't you?"

"Yassir."

The drummer took the oars, and after he had rowed about two miles against the current was tuckered out.

He threw down the oars and said: "I can't pull this boat another inch. I don't care if I never get to that circus. You're a fine boatman not to be able to row."

The negro looked at the drummer with quickening intelligence. "Does you mean you wanted me to pull dem oars, boss?"

"Sure I do. I asked you if you could row and you said you couldn't."

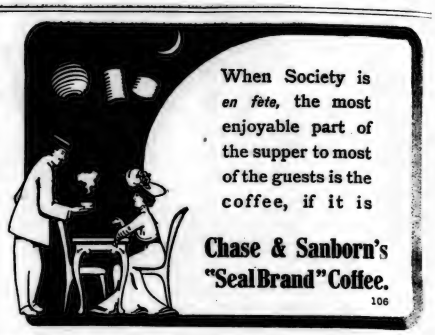
"'Deed, boss," said the negro, "I thought you done ast me could I roah—roah laik a lion."

* * *

THE Hon. Theodore Hallam, one of Kentucky's most able lawyers, was often provoked to exasperation by the play his friends made on his name. Hallam had borne allusions without end to the "Middle Ages," "Constitutional Law," and the rest of it, when one day in Washington he was introduced to Governor Hogg of Texas.

"Hallam? Hallam?" the Governor queried. "Are you the original?"

"No, Governor Hogg," replied Hallam. "Are you?"



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Uncomplaining Mr. Gnagg

MRS. GNAGG, indulging in a little harmless, cheery Sunday morning breakfast table prattle, arouses in Mr. Gnagg (that now famous New York Sun character) a sort of mental unrest which he expresses as follows:

Hold on a minute. What are you talking about, anyhow? For the last fifteen minutes or so I've been conscious of a sort of buzzing noise, not unlike that of a motor boat that skips occasional explosions. Was it you talking? I can't remember that you've said anything during the quarter of an hour, but it is presumable of course that you thought you were saying something. It isn't altogether likely, either, that you've been talking to yourself.

Am I to understand that you've been directing this rataplan of unmeaning chatter at me? Because, really, you know, I'm obliged to confess that I've only caught a phrase here and there, and I'm going to leave it to you to judge whether any of these observations you've been making were sufficiently intelligent to call for any kind of an answer from anybody.

Seems to me I remember you started off by exuding some kind of a bromidiom about what a hot morning it is. Now, d'ye honestly think it was imperative that you get that remark out of your system?

I know that it's hot. I knew it as soon as I opened my eyes this morning. You can't make it any cooler by harping on the heat, can you?

How's that? Your only idea was to make a little talk, you say? Why, cer'ly, cer'ly. I know that was your idea, of course; but before you open your face to say something, why don't you make it a practice to have something to say?

That's what I'm mumbling about. You emit so many buzzing, humming sounds without ever saying anything. That's why I'm drying up mentally. I don't get anything around my home that by the wildest stretch of the imagination could be called conversation. How can you expect a grown up human being to respond to that kind of Gertie and Gladys gabble?

Then you said something, I believe, about your hair needing to be washed. Well, did you expect me to turn two or three somersaults and stand on my head and behave like a delirious orang outang when you said that? D'ye think that called for a large, bulgy parcel of comment from me?

If so be as how your hair sure enough does need washing, then why in heaven's name don't you wash it, or have it washed, and let it go at that? What have I got to do with your hair's need for washing? Is that the kind of chatter you think ought to be spilled on a man at the breakfast table, especially on a morning when the coffee's sloppy. Hey?

D'ye think the hair washing topic is calculated to start off a hot Sunday with a soaring uplift? When my hair needs washing I don't go around yammering about it. I go and buy a shampoo for myself and let it go at that.

Then, out of the buzz-buzz with which you began breakfast I think I vaguely caught something about autumn not being so far away. Well, what of it? I can read the calendar. I know, I think, that we're nudging along toward the end of August, and that September, as a matter of perfectly familiar sequence, follows August.

D'ye suppose that that kind of inane stuff is going to satisfy the mental craving for intelligent conversation of any man whose skypiece is not rigged out with a monkey mind? Huh? Oh, I'm not saying that your intentions were not good. I'm not maintaining that you've got some deep, dark purpose in uncoiling small talk that's meant for the mental feeding of white rabbits or prairie chickens.

Fact is I know that you've no purpose at all, and that's the nub of the whole business—the complete and utter purposelessness of your conversation. I wouldn't care a hang how sinister your conversation was if it had any kind of a purpose at all.

Oh, yes, and then I remember you said that you'll be glad when we can have oatmeal for breakfast again, and that the oatmeal that they sell in the summer time is bound to be more or less wormy. Well, what of it? Talk about wormy oatmeal isn't much of a physical or mental tonic for me. Anyhow, I've known for something like thirty-five years now that oatmeal gets wormy in hot weather.

It's this thing of talking just for talking's sake that gives me the mutters. I'm not denying, understand, that there is some such a thing as agreeable, not to say delightful, small talk; but it's been so long since I heard any samples of that kind—around here I mean—that I wouldn't know it any more if you pulled it on me with the label attached.

I know a lot of fellows who without having to try very hard can hold and do hold quite enjoyable conversations with their wives. I envy them. I don't say this with the least idea in the world of putting anything over on you, but I sure do envy them.

I work and slave like a mahogany hauling mule during most of the daylight hours, and then when I come here I'm bombarded with a whole passel of fripperish talk about infinitesimal, insignificant matters that have no more interest for me than the annual sheep shear of the Falkland Islands; and even at that you obviously expect me to chirk up and titter and giggle and illuminate my face like a Hallowe'en pumpkin when you toss the stuff at me, and to act in general as if that kind of conversation inspired me with a joy all but idiotic.

As soon as I nudge through the door, for example, you tell me, more or less feverishly, that the janitor is expecting an addition to his family. You handed me that by way of a greeting one evening last week. Did you expect me to climb to the roof and chant an orison to the glowing orb of day over that bit of news?

On another evening, as soon as I trudged, dog tired, into the vestibule, you opened up on me with the news that the Scrappitts, on the fourth floor, had had some kind of a rough house up in their flat and that Mrs. Scrappitt had been seen, pretty red eyed, at the grocery store, and that Scrappitt had been coming home pickled for several evenings in a row, and a whole lot of other inconsequential junk of the same general sort about a family that I hardly know and don't want to know and wouldn't be particularly interested in if I did.

I'll do you the justice to acknowledge that you probably thought you were amusing me and mitigating my tiredness by unwinding this apartment house chipper-chapper on me, and it is even probable that I pretended, as it seems to be necessary for a man to pretend, that I really was interested in your breathless recital about the Scrappitts, but I wasn't interested a cent's worth. I was only trying to act agreeable by making you think I was interested. Well, this thing of acting agreeable all the time, especially on top of a hard day's work, isn't my idea of what those Chicago university professors call a perfect connubiality, and I consider it only the fair thing that you know this now as well as at any other time.

All I hear around here is gas bills, how frumpish the fat Mrs. Puttonlugs looks in a directoire dress; how you saw some shirtwaists on sale for $1.38 to-day that cost $2.98 at the beginning of the season; how you saw a man abusing a horse on the street this morning, and you felt like phoning to the Humane Society, only you didn't know the Humane Society's number, and all such excelsior stuffing.

Does it ever enter your mind that we're put here to grow mentally as well as physically? And is it your idea that a woman fulfils the whole duty of a wife when she sees to it that the beds are made and the mantelpieces dusted and the pot roast put on the range at the proper time, and all that sort of thing? Did you ever endeavor to reason it out that its sort of expected of a wife that she be, or at least try to be, something of an intellectual companion to her husband?

How's that? You've heard me say, time and again, that I wouldn't live with an intellectual woman for $8 a minute?

Right you are, and you'll probably go right on hearing me say the same thing as long as I've got enough teeth left to permit of my articulating. When I say that, however, I deal more or less in hyperbole, if you gather that.

By intellectual woman, as I use the phrase in ordinary conversation, I mean one of these women that think they know about nine million times more than their husbands, with an overhang of knowledge sufficient to permit of their knowing more than anybody else on earth. That's what I mean by an intellectual woman. Well, a woman doesn't have to belong to that type in order to make things a little interesting around the house.

She doesn't have to hand out hunks of Browning over the cantaloupe and unwind coils of Stendhal and chatter about pragmatism over the dinner coffee. All that any reasonable man asks of his wife is that she stop chronicling small beer, and gossiping, and—

How's that? I told you only a little while ago that I depended upon you for the news of the little affairs of life, did I? Oh, well, if this sleep walking habit is growing on me that way then it's time for me to do something about it, for I could only have said a thing like that while in a state of somnambulism. Maybe you'll be good enough to—

What? You've often heard me say that a little gossip adds a certain spiciness to everyday existence? I've said that, hey? Well, I've changed my mind about that sleep walking thing. If any of that's been done around here you've done it.

Said that I approved of and liked gossip, did I? Great! Grand! Next thing I know you'll be passing around that I am in the habit of writing anonymous letters, and from that it'll be an easy step to whispering to your cronies that I operate at night as a porch climber.

Oh, well, that's a crafty scheme of yours anyhow to try to switch me from the thing I started to talk about, namely, the warping, shrivelling process that is taking place in me owing to the fact that I have no more intellectual stimulus in my home than a woodchuck in his burrow. There's no uplift around here, nothing to make a man think or sort o' put him on his mettle

Result is, naturally enough, that my gray matter is atrophying or drying up, or whatever you care to call it. Nothing's ever said around here to make it necessary for a man to do a quarter of a minute's consecutive thinking. Same old dryasdust, commonplace conversation all the time, with never a note struck that might give a fellow little momentary inkling of an idea that he is living a life one notch above a starfish.

Oh, well, you can't help it, I s'pose, and I've got no right, I s'pose, too, to complain about it. When a man makes his bed—when, in short, he deliberately makes provision for a dull, dryrot life, then it's up to him to swallow his bolus without murmuring. I made up my mind to that a long while ago, and that's why you never hear me open my mouth about the dismal life I lead around here.

The German Kaiser (centre) engages in an earnest political discussion with King Haakon of Norway (left) and M. Michelsen, Norwegian Minister.

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During July and August we Close Daily at 5 p.m. Saturdays 1 p.m.

New Fall Dress Goods

Our first shipment of New Fall Goods is now to hand, and very interesting it is, too, as there is a lovely range of new weaves and designs in all the new colors for Fall. We will be very pleased to show all these new materials: New Fall Suitings, Diagonal Cheviots, Camels' Hair Cheviots, Scotch Homespuns, Zibeline Suitings, French Diagonal Broadcloths, and many other new and popular goods.

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Births, Marriages and Deaths

BIRTHS

WALTON-BALL. — At "Mapethorpe House, in Palmerston boulevard, on Saturday, August 21., to Dr. and Mrs. Walton-Ball, a son—Albert, Eric Conant.

HARTY—At Kingston, Ont., on Aug. 24, 1909, the wife of William Harty, jun., a daughter.

STEINER—At 106 Admiral road, on Saturday, Aug. 21, 1909, to Mr. and Mrs. Ernest A. Steiner, a son.

MARRIED

FERGUSON—FERGUSON—At the residence of the bride's mother, Parry Sound, Ont., on Wednesday, Aug. 25, 1909, by Rev. F. W. Mahaffy, minister of the Presbyterian church, Parry Sound, assisted by Rev. J. A. Ferguson, B.A., Belgrave, Ont., brother of the groom, Miss Annie, daughter of Mrs. Margaret Ferguson, to Mr. Walter S. Ferguson, C.A., Bracebridge.

BELL—CARSON—In Toronto, on Wednesday, Aug. 25, 1909, Annie May, youngest daughter of Mr. Archie Carson, to Thomas Alexander, youngest son of Thos. H. Bell, all of Port Hope.

DALTON—HOBBS—On Tuesday, Aug. 24, 1909, at 4 Wellesley place, Beatrice, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Hobbs, to Mr. Charles S. L. Dalton.

DEATHS.

MAHONEY—At 163 Crescent road, on Aug. 24, 1909, Harry A. Mahoney, of Inland Revenue service.

REID—At Ogunquit, Maine, on Sunday, Aug. 22, 1909, Robert Reid, of Ottawa.

SOCIETY

AT the residence of the bride's mother, Parry Sound, the wedding was, on the 25th inst., celebrated of Miss Annie, daughter of Mrs. Margaret Ferguson, to Mr. Walter Scott Ferguson, C.A., accountant for the Muskoka Leather Co., Ltd., Bracebridge. The officiating minister was Rev. F. W. Mahaffy, minister of the Presbyterian church, Parry Sound, assisted by Rev. J. A. Ferguson, of Belgrave, brother of the groom. The bride entered the drawing room to the strains of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," played by Mrs. Caton, and was given away by her brother, Mr. Alexander Ferguson. She wore a dress of ivory satin, trimmed with pearls, and carried a bouquet of white roses. The bridesmaid, Miss Maud Ferguson, sister of the bride, wore pink crepe de chene, and carried a bouquet of pink roses. Mr. William J. Kirk, Bracebridge, supported the groom. The house was decorated with ferns and sweet peas. While the register was being signed, Mr. Edwin Firie sang "Just Because"; Miss Beatty was accompanist. Mr. W. J. Kirk sang "Love's Coronation"; Mrs. John Thomson, Bracebridge, accompanist. The groom's gift to the bride was a necklet of pearls and amethysts with pearl brooch pendant. His gift to the bridesmaid was a brooch of pearls and amethysts, and to the groomsman a set of engraved gold cuff links. After the wedding breakfast, the newly married couple left for Niagara, Beloil Mountains, Montreal, Quebec city, Ste. Anne de Beaupre, Chicoutimi, and other eastern points for their honeymoon. The bride's going away dress was green silk, with hat to match. The list of presents was lengthy, and included, among other valuable ones, a handsome cheque from the company with which Mr. Ferguson is engaged. Upon their return, Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson will reside in Bracebridge.

Guests staying at "Bellevue Hotel" during the week ending August 21 were: Mr. J. R. Fluker, Pembroke; Mr. M. R. Davis, Kingston; Mr. J. Dalglist, Ottawa; James J. Stonon, Boston, Mass.; Miss Lillie M. Meade and Miss K. B. Meade, New York City; Miss E. J. Taylor, New Liskeard; Miss R. G. Guest, Park Hill; Mr. G. H. Gillis, Park Hill; Mr. F. Dalglist, Jr., Ottawa; Mr. James McKay, Haileybury; Mr. D. A. Mooney, Mattawa; Mr. Russel Wilson, Montreal; Mr. J. G. Code, Cobalt; Mr. J. M. Mendl and Mr. Henry Mendl, Mattawa; Mr. D. McKindery and Mr. B. McKindery, Quebec; Miss J. B. Griffin, Toronto; Mill L. Currie, Toronto; A. B. Stewart, Esq., Chester, N.S.; E. S. Secord, Cobalt; Mr. J. F. Rochester, Ottawa; Mr. J. O. Kelly and Mrs. J. Kelly, Pembroke; Mr. A. F. Ricard, Campbell's Bay; Mr. W. Fortune, Ville Marie; Mr. M. Miron, Ville Marie; Mr. Otter Castello, Desjouschins; Mr. R. Aikenhead, Sherbrook, Ont.; Mr. A. Ross, Mattawa; Miss Mina Robinson and Miss Minnie Robinson, Toronto; Miss Belle Ross, Mattawa; Mr. J. W. Callinan and Mrs. J. W. Callinan, Haileybury; Mr. R. E. Davis, North Bay; Mr. W. A. Filion, Montreal; James C. Weston and Mrs. C. Weston, Haileybury; Mr. R. W. Leonards and Miss Leonards, St. Catharines, Ont.; Miss A. Leslie, Kingston; Mr. W. Woodney, Cobalt; Mr. James J. Sullivan, Cobalt; Mrs. and Mr. F. S. Kirby, Ottawa; Mr. J. A. Leak, Toronto; Mr. J. W. Roberts, Ottawa; Mr. A. Povner, Ottawa; Mr. S. Kennedy, Haileybury; Rev. Father R. Legault, Mattawa.

Mrs. Clarence Denison, Miss Denison, and Major Walter Denison have returned from the St. Lawrence.

Mrs. R. A. Smith, Miss Jean Milne and Miss Ruby Smith returned from the seaside on Thursday.

Mrs. Arthur Denison returned from Newfoundland on Thursday.

Mrs. Edgar Jarvis and Miss Carol Jarvis have returned to town.

Special Attractions at Exhibition.

The programme of special attractions at the Canadian National Exhibition which has just been issued shows that the entertainment part of the big Fair is to be more extensive than ever before.

The programme in front of the Grand Stand is divided into three parts of an hour each. The first hour is given to vaudeville and the bill has to be well squeezed to get it on to the four stages in that space of time.

The second part is given over to the Military Tournament, which includes the musical drive by the Artillery, the musical ride by the Dragoons, and a dozen competitions in many of which, the corps will be matched against corps.

The third hour is filled to overflowing with the British Army Quadrilles and Tattoo with ten massed military bands, the march past, the Siege of Kandahar and the Battle of the North Sea.

The whole concludes with a fifteen minute display of everything that is new in fireworks.

Add to this bill, the model military camp, the blowing up of ships by submarine mines on the waterfront, harness horse races, daily displays of Japanese day fireworks, athletic sports, etc., and it will be readily admitted that this is the greatest bill of specials the Canadian National ever presented.

To Fly Lake Ontario.

During the Exposition fortnight, although in no connection whatever with the exhibition, Toronto is to be the scene or starting point of a most daring aviation effort.

Having, by a remarkable flight over a number of small towns on Long Island, defeated the record cross-country flight of Orville Wright made in the official tests at Washington last month, C. Foster Willard, the young aviator who is flying the aeroplane "Golden Flier," the property of the Aeronautic Society of America, has come here to Toronto to try to beat the sensational flight made by the Frenchman Bleriot in crossing the English channel from Calais to Dover. Mr. Willard is going to try to fly if he can across Lake Ontario from Toronto to Niagara.

It is noteworthy to compare the "Golden Flier," Mr. Willard's machine, with other famous aeroplanes. In total supporting surface it is just half the size of the Wright machine. It has a total supporting surface of 260 square feet, while the Wrights use 520 square feet. Its main planes are but 29 ft. 11 in. in width, while those of the Wright are 46 feet and those of the new McCurdy-Baldwin machine, "Baddeck No. 1," measure 50 feet. It is driven by a single propeller of only 6 feet diameter, while the Wrights use two of 9 feet diameter. Its total weight is 400 lbs., while the Wright is 960 lbs. and the "Baddeck No. 1" is 1,050 lbs. But one of the most interesting of its features is the simplicity of its "controls." No attempt has been made to render anything automatic, but every necessary movement will be found to be based upon what in each case would be the natural movement.

Admiral Beresford's Visit.

Lord Charles Beresford, who is crossing the ocean to open the Canadian National Exhibition at Toronto, is somewhat of an Irishman himself. In a recent speech in London he recalled an electioneering experience in Ireland. He said that unfortunately that election took place at a time when they were mending the roads—(laughter)—and one of the stones lying about happened to hit him on the back of the head. (Laughter.) He said to one of his supporters: "I wish I could get hold of the fellow who threw that stone." "Och, not at all," she replied, "for it was meself. Wasn't it a great stroke?" (Laughter.) The Irish nation was the greatest nation in the world. They put their country before everything else. Even politics took a second place to Old Ireland when that was the subject of talk. They forgot all their differences when they remembered that they were both Irishmen. An Irishman once told him in America that he had come fifteen hundred miles to see him. Some Irishmen were given to exaggeration, of course,—(laughter)—and he told his fellow-countryman that he was very sorry he had not a minute to talk, but if he liked he could come up in the lift with him and they could exchange a word about the old country en route to the next floor. (Laughter.) Another fellow once said he must see him. He replied, "You can't; I'm in my bath." (Laughter.) "Och, it doesn't matter at all," cried the Irishman; "let me come in and I'll talk to you there." (Laughter.) And he came and talk they did.

Niagara on the Lake ::

THE children's fancy dress ball was held in the Queen's Royal Casino on Thursday of last week. The grand march, under the direction of Miss Gladys Edwards, was very pretty and was led by Miss Katherine Van Rensaeller, of New York, whose pretty little jockey costume won her the first prize, the second prize being carried off by Miss Effie Milloy, of Niagara Falls, who made a sweet little Geisha girl. Master Haas, of Toronto, won the boys' prize. A special prize was given to Mrs. Ewart Osborne, who wore a short muslin dress and pale blue ribbons and made the daintiest little girl imaginable. Others in costume were Miss Dorothy Marks, as England; Miss Jessie Thompson, as May Sutton as she appears on the tennis court; Miss Violet Edwards, as a French maid; Miss Cooper, as a paper doll; Miss Mary Arnoldi, as a sweet little "Kate Greenaway"; Miss Miller, a Spanish lady; Master Duncan Milloy, boy blue; Miss Effie Harvey, bo peep; Miss Evelyn Harvey, as a coquette; Miss Knight, of Rochester, as Red Riding Hood; Master Hostetter, as a candy kid; Arthur Harvey, as an Indian; Miss Lexie Campbell, Geisha girl. All the young people acted their parts to perfection, and the ball was very jolly.

Miss Helen Heward, Montreal, has arrived in town to spend several weeks.

Miss Haideen Wilkinson, of New York, is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Anderson.

Mr. and Mrs. Mossom Boyd, Toronto, are spending a week or two in town.

The International tennis tournament just closing at the Queen's Royal, has been the largest and most successful in the history of the Lawn Tennis Association. Over two hundred and fifty entries, more than double that of any previous year, having been booked, and the play having been unusually brilliant, most of the crack players of America being present and playing in splendid form. In addition to the attractions of the courts in the day time, a number of enjoyable entertainments have been arranged to enliven the evenings, informal dancing and bridge taking place every night and a smoking concert being held in Thursday. The barn dance Wednesday evening was a bright and successful event, all the pretty girls of Niagara looking their best in print frocks and sun bonnets, and many wearing their hair in becoming braids. The confetti ball of this evening is, of course, the crowning event of a brilliant week, and its success is warranted to be even greater than in former years.

Mr. Beals Wright is at the Queen's Royal for the tournament, and has been renewing many warm friendships of former years.

Mrs. Arthur Harvey gave a children's party last week in honor of her pretty little daughter, Evelyn, who celebrated her thirteenth birthday. Games were played during the afternoon, and at tea great excitement prevailed when the cake was brought in with thirteen tiny candles all ablaze. After the little ones had partaken of all the good things, dancing and songs ended the happy day.

Mrs. Strachan Johnston and children have returned to Toronto after spending several weeks at the Queen's Royal.

Miss May Sutton has been the centre of attraction at the Queen's Royal ever since her arrival some two weeks ago, and has made many friends, her girlish charm and delightfully natural manner, which are both a pleasant surprise in such a feted and petted young woman.

Mrs. Karl Schnider, of Toronto, who has been the guest of Mrs. Arthur Harvey for some weeks, has returned home.

Mrs. Wigmore and her two pretty daughters have returned to the Queen's Royal, and Miss Hope Wigmore's playing is again a feature of the informal dances and concerts which are arranged for each evening.

Mrs. Wilson, formerly of Chicago, now of Toronto, is a guest at the Queen's. Mrs. Wilson was soprano soloist with the Thomas Orchestra, and recently sang in Massey Hall with one of Dr. Ham's choirs.

MARCELL.

THE HOUSE OF QUALITY (Registered)

The visit to Toronto naturally means shopping—and there could be no better time for buying or arranging for

Fine Furs

Absolute Assurance of GOOD STYLE, WORKMANSHIP and QUALITY : :

is an indispensible feature of buying furs which mean a large outlay of money.

And no better guarantee of satisfaction could be desired than a careful comparison of our goods with others.

We show new models in

JACKETS in Mink, Sealskin, Persian Lamb, Caracul, Pony and other furs.

FUR AND FURLINED COATS for Men and Women.

SETS AND SINGLE PIECES in Russian and Hudson Bay Sable, Mink, Ermine, Fox, Lynx, Chinchilla, Etc.

See our Exhibit in Manufacturers Building, just east of main entrance.

Our Showrooms are always open to the public—we cordially welcome visitors whether a purchase be intended or not.

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THE Bottle Pot

1,000,000 sold 1908

For the night feeding of baby they are a blessing. Keeps baby's milk hot all night.

Thermos Bottles are indispensable in the sick room.

Equally desirable for the hunter, fisherman, yachtsman, motorist. Piping hot, or ice cold nourishment always on hand.

KEEPS CONTENTS HOT 24 HOURS
" " COLD 3 DAYS

The Thermos Pot is a positive economy in the home as well as a luxury.

No chemicals used in Thermos—simply a vacuum. Ask your dealer or get our catalogue.

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Visitors to Toronto Exhibition

In buying works of art buy something worth having, worth keeping, and worthy of the visit to Canada's finest city. In Toronto there is the largest Oriental Rug Store in Canada, and the largest exclusively retail Oriental Rug Store in America. Nothing could be a worthier souvenir of your visit here than the purchase of a genuine

ORIENTAL RUG

Think of having your choice from a $100,000 assortment of Oriental Rugs and Oriental Brassware. Our Fall Importations are now complete and visitors to Exhibition are invited to see our large collection.

Prices from $2.00 up to $1000.00

See Our Exhibit at the Manufacturers Buildings.

Courian, Babayan & Co.
CANADA'S FAMOUS ORIENTAL STORE
40 KING ST. EAST Opp. King Edward Hotel

TWO little ragged street urchins were gazing at a notice outside a police station in the east side of London. "See that" said one. "It's my father who's wanted." "Garn," said the other; "yer always braggin'."

First Impressions of England

JOHN NELSON, of the Victoria, B.C., Times, a delegate to the Imperial Press Conference, writes as follows of the impressions made upon him on his first visit to England:

As we journeyed to London and saw English scenes for the first time, one of my brethren of the blue pencil carelessly, wantonly and impiously threw a paper bag from the railway carriage.

"Oh, my dear sir," exclaimed my next-door neighbor, from New Zealand, in horror, "don't make little England untidy!"

An hour in the train had given us a first idea of England as a sweetly ordered little land; a land of pretty fields with tidy hedges, of well-kept woodlands where no dead trees are seen, of clean, smooth roads with neatly trimmed grassy borders—a smiling, peaceful, happy land; and a land of flowers—the cottage gardens overflowing with flowers, and wild flowers everywhere, the meadows bright with buttercups, the hedges as foaming seas of parsley.

Arrived in London, my first idea was that the policemen were the finest, most solid, and most typical bulldog Britons I had ever seen. They embodied and made visible to my eyes what before I had held only as a vague faith—the might of English law, and the iron hand of England as a ruling power. But I had not spent a day in England before a score of such superficial ideas were swallowed up by a new, dominating idea and faith—this, that for true hospitality old England could never be surpassed.

We of the new, young lands have our traditions. One of our traditional ideas, to which I held before I came to England, was that the English were a stiff-necked people—a stiff-necked people (humbly I will make my confession) riding to a fall. I had been struck by English reserve and shyness; but I know now that Englishmen are very open-handed, generous, and friendly, and that the grand old English hospitality is not dead, but is, I should say, more lavishly offered than ever before. And then I have been impressed very deeply by the beauty of the country homes of England, and by something deeper than the charm of all their wealth of historical and romantic associations. My first idea of the Englishman's castle was that to live therein must be a very great education.

In the Canadian West history goes back perhaps seventy years; Vancouver has 80,000 inhabitants, and is aged about twenty. In the space of twelve months towns are born in the prairie; Victoria has fine houses, with gardens; fine parks, too. But I do not know a house in Western Canada of which you might say: "To be born and bred here is an education." In England the very club-houses are steeped in tradition. Never in the West have I seen such velvet lawns, such lovely gardens. Ranelegh goes back to Doomsday Book; King Athelstane owned it; hither came Queen Elizabeth; Evelyn visited Abraham Cowley here; Pepys saw "gallant ladies." Here even a Canadian sees visions of fair women and dreams of long-forgotten things. And Ranelagh is a club.

Yes, I have been forcibly struck by the idea of what influence the stately homes of England must have had on English character, and how naturally the son of an old house in this old land inherits ancestral traditions and the family lessons—for good or bad, for better or worse.

Like many other delegates, although born overseas, I "learned from an English mother to call old England home," and the warmth of the welcome we have received, voiced by Lord Rosebery in his now famous "Welcome Home" message, and expressed in a hundred forms of hospitality, has given that feeling a new and fuller significance. I can adopt Tennyson's phrase with a saving clause for my own beloved country:

There is no land like England, where'er the light of day be;
There are no hearts like English hearts, such hearts of oak as they be.

THE American opinion of coffee as understood in the English home is not high, and how the coffee of the English lodgings is esteemed may be understood from the following traveler's tale. It was his first morning in London "apartments," and his landlady came up with the breakfast, and as he began the meal opened a slight conversation.

"It looks like rain," she said.

"It does," replied the American, "but it smells rather like coffee."

"What lesson did you learn from this new Problem Novel?" "Not to read any more books by the same author!"—Cleveland Leader.

QUESTIONS ONE ASKS ONESELF.

Evening, 10 p.m.: "Spades no good. . Try a club?"

Morning, 10 a.m.: "Clubs no good? . . Try a Spade!"
—The Bystander.

The World's Secret

WE took no thought, dear Love,
we took no thought!
We only knew our summer-time was
come—
The birds were nesting, orchards
were abloom,
And joy burned in us like a holy
flame.
And now behold our little miracle!
Our shining star, come to us wondrously
From out the farther dark! Our
mystery,
Too soft and sweet to be called
anything—
Or miracle or mystery—but just
Our babe!
Our own—yet not our own!

A gift, uncomprehendingly to prize!
His laughter, bright as sunshine on a
wave,
Sets our whole world ashimmer, and
his dreams,
Darkening his liquid eyes, are drawn,
I think,
From those deep cisterns of our secret
prayers,
Which we have strangely hidden,
each from each.

And yet, at times, his pretty
whimsy-thoughts
Shut soft the door on us and close
us out!
We clasp him close and probe his
lips for sweets—
Great, greedy bees upon a tender
flower—
Yet cannot reach the little sacred
self
That, like a god, is shrined in his
bright shell.

Ah, Love, ah, Love, let us not call
him ours!
Let us confess he cannot wonder
more
At the amazing world than we at
him.
—How can we voice our awe-ingratitude—
Our poignant heart of sorrow-in-delight?
Silence indeed is best! Look deep,
dear one,
In his sweet eyes and learn there
what you may—
That love is service; yes, and
mystery;
And in this lovely, wordless babe
we hold
Is hidden safe the secret of the
world.

—Elia W. Peattie, in Harper's Magazine.

"I hate that man."

"Why?"

"Because he pities me."

"Has he ever been your wife's husband?"

"No, it isn't that. I once got into an argument with a driver at a street crossing. This man was there and heard what the driver said to me. It was not until the next day that I thought of the answer I wanted to make."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Doctor—Nonsense! You haven't got a cancer. Booze is what ails you. You must stop drinking at once. The Souse—Gee! Is it that serious? Why, doctor, I thought it was some simple thing that could be helped by an operation!—Cleveland Leader.

The Cause of the War.

AN altogether startling account of the causes of the present war between the Spaniards and the Moors is given by Mr. Cunningham Graham in The Daily Chronicle of London. He says:

"The following facts have come to my knowledge. They are so damning to the position of the Spanish Government in Melilla that I am glad to be able to communicate them to The Daily Chronicle, with a view to making clear to the British public the unprecedented attitude of the bulk of the Spaniards in regard to this so-called war.

"I will briefly recapitulate the situation in regard to the intervention in Morocco by Spain.

"Two mining companies exist in Melilla, one Spanish and one French. The chairman of the Spanish company is now the Conde Guell, who is brother-in-law of the Marquis of Comillas, the head of the Trans-Atlantic Line.

"Mr. McPherson, of Cadiz, an employe of the Marquis of Comillas, the Duke of Tovar (an intimate friend of King Alfonso), and his brother, the Conde of Romanones (an ex-Minister of Education under the Liberal Government), comprise the chief shareholders.

"The French company, known as the Norte Africana, whose president is a Spaniard called Garcia Alix (an ex-Conservative Minister), is financed from Paris. Both these companies are working under concessions from the Moorish Pretender, El Roghi.

"It is within the knowledge of your readers that the Spanish Ambassador, Merry del Val, was unable to come to any understanding with the Sultan as to the object of his Embassy.

"I am now assured by a gentleman who has just arrived from Morocco that one of the Spanish Ambassador's demands was that the Sultan should ratify the mining concessions granted by the Pretender to the two mining companies.

"That is to say, that the Sultan should ratify concessions given by a rebel, actually under arms, against his authority. This the Sultan refused to do.

"The astounding public statement of Senor Villanueva, an ex-Liberal member, and ex-President of the Spanish Mining Company in Melilla, in which he stated that the murder of the four Spanish workmen which brought about the intervention was arranged by the mining companies themselves, is now as clear as noonday.

"It will at once appear that these two companies, seeing that the Sultan would not ratify the concessions they had obtained from the rebel against his authority, had some motive in organizing the murder of the four workmen, if it is true, as Senor Villanueva has publicly stated, that they did so.

"Being unable to obtain the concession from the Sultan, they naturally concluded—I am merely deducing what I say from the remarkable statement of Villanueva—if they could bring about Spanish intervention they would be able to secure the ratification of their concession from the Spanish Government.

"If Villanueva—and he is a man who stands very high in Spain—is correct in his assertion, no more scandalous affair has ever come to light in the whole scandalous history of the dealings of European Powers with the inhabitants of Northern Africa.

"One—and the only—flattering unction that the Spanish public can lay to its soul is that the number of the Tovars, Romanones, Comillas, etc., is very small, for their names have appeared in nearly all the disgraceful financial operations in Spain of late years, such as the Rio de Ora business, the tobacco monopoly, the bolstering up of the Trans-Atlantic Line, and the curious and intricate financial operations which have passed between the Spanish Government and that great national octopus the Bank of Spain."

THE hard looking customer had been arrested for stealing an umbrella.

"What have you to say for yourself?" asked the police justice. "Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"I'm one o' the guilty ones, y'r honor, I reckon," answered the prisoner. "The umbrella had the name of J. Thompson on the handle, G. H. Brickley stamped on the inside o' the cover, an' I stole it from a man named Quimby."

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The R. S. Williams & Sons Co., Limited Open Their New Music Store to the Public

The Most Complete Establishment of its Kind in Canada

On Thursday and Friday occurred the formal opening of the R. S. Williams & Sons Co. new Music Emporium at 143 Yonge St., and the store was thronged each day.

Since May 1st workmen have been busy transforming the old store into a place of beauty, and only a personal visit can give you any idea of what has been done.

Toronto has long needed a *complete* music house and now we have it. Everything from a five cent Harmonica to a $1,500 Art Grand Piano is to be found under this one roof and every department is complete.

Sheet Music, Phonographs, Talking Machines, Musical Merchandise, Antique Violins, Automatic Playing Pianos, Organs, Pianos and *Player Pianos* cover the needs of everyone.

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We have made this one of the finest in Canada and our large stock, comprising 10 different makes, gives you an opportunity not to be found elsewhere.

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We want you to make this place your headquarters, so call and see how comfortable we have made it.

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This famous wine is becoming recognized in Canada as superior to all others.

The word "Ruinart" on a bottle is the surest possible guarantee of champagne quality.

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O'Keefe's "Pilsener" Lager—the real old German "Pilsener." Brewed as they brew it in Pilsen, of the finest hops and malt and pure filtered water. O'K "Pilsener" is the Beer with a Reputation—*The Light Beer in the Light Bottle.*

O'Keefe's Gold Label Ale is the connoisseurs' delight—a rich, creamy old ale—full bodied—and marvellously tasty.

"Perfection in liquid form" as one enthusiast called it.

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O'Keefe's Special Extra Mild Ale is for those who find ordinary ale too heavy and too bitter. This special brew is fine and delicious in flavor, but being extra mild, never makes you bilious.

Both "Special Extra Mild" and "Gold Label" Ales are in Crown Stoppered Bottles.

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5c

Coca-Cola is made in Canada

Whenever you see an Arrow think of Coca-Cola.

The Child That Never Came Back

(*Continued from page 9.*)

wished no unnecessary cares. The child replied to his command to return to the house by climbing into his chosen place in the boat. And when Amariah returned from walking off his impulse to take him by the neck and pitch him into the ocean, the child still sat there, gazing down into the depths. The man gathered up his oars and looked out at the lowering sky.

"There's going to be a smart storm, young lad," said he. "Can't be bothered with 'ee in the boat. I'll row 'ee 'crost to caplin beach, and leave 'ee and call for 'ee when I've been to the nets." The child nodded indifferently, and the man rowed over to a beautiful little bit of yellow sand under great towering cliffs, whereon he had piled his bait for years when the caplin came in. There the child climbed out and seated himself on the sand, while Amariah, with a certain queer feeling of relief, rowed out of the Arm to his nets.

It came on a smart storm very soon, and the man was glad to get himself ashore at the first handy point and wait until it was over. Between the flashes of lightning and crashes of thunder, he thought with a grim satisfaction of the wilful and provoking child whose disregard of his order was receiving punishment full and plenty.

"I bet 'ee young lad's got his stummack full by now," he muttered. "Caplin beach is shelter, sure, but it's a mad storm." Then a terrible crash and blinding light made him cover eyes and ears and hurry under his friendly rocks.

After the fury of the tempest was over and the sea gone down a little, Amariah launched his boat and rowed homeward. Halfway down the Arm he turned aside to Caplin beach to fetch the lad, and rowing with the surety of habit, did not turn his head to steer in until near the shore. When he did turn, his face went white and his pulses stopped, for there was no Caplin beach—but where it had been lay a mountain of rock and land and crushed leaves, and above it was a rift in the cliff twenty feet wide.

He remembered the tearing crash and the flaming light, and realized what had come to pass to the changeling, now buried deep under forty feet of rock and rubbish.

And he slowly pulled home like a criminal and told the first neighbor his tale, and the neighbor believed it, fortunately, and his wife also believed it, happily, for there was no other to testify to the fate of the child that never came back!

Eating in Olden Days.

EVEN at so late a period as the restoration, 1660, it was the custom for guests to take their own knives and forks to an English banquet. Pepys records that he did this when he went to the Lord Mayor's feast in the Guildhall. In the previous reign the Lord Chamberlain had found it necessary to issue regulations for the benefit of officers invited to dine at the royal table. They were required to wear clean boots, not to be half drunk on their arrival, not to drink more than one goblet to every two dishes, not to throw the bones under the table, nor to lick their fingers.

The Stuarts undoubtedly did much to refine English table manners, for it was one of the points admired in Mary Queen of Scots that the customs she introduced from France made her court and royal banquets more exquisite and genteel than those of her rival, Queen Elizabeth. As forks came into use the oldtime importance of the table napkin began to wane. From being a necessity it became a luxury, on the fastidious use of which etiquettte has at various times placed strange values.

Under the Third Empire in France St. Beuve brought disgrace upon himself because at breakfast at the Tuileries he carelessly opened his napkin and placed it over his two knees. To this he added the crime of cutting his egg in two at the middle. Court etiquette prescribed that the half-folded napkin should lie on the left knee, and the top of the egg was to be merely broken with the edge of the spoon and drained with the tip of the spoon. For his failings in these respects St. Beuve's name was struck off the Imperial visiting list.

NINE thousand feet above the sea near the gashed and jagged summit of Mount San Jacinto, Supervisor H. E. A. Marshall of the Cleveland National Forest has discovered an extensive lake. It is extremely hazardous of access, to the north and south of it being unscalable spurs with no trails near, but at one point in climbing a canon to the summit the water, clear, sky blue and beautiful, may be seen through a cleft in the rocks.

This came before Marshall's eyes while passing, and he gained a glimpse of the cold, limpid body that lies much higher than Lake Tahoe. Struggling over the ledge which hides it, Marshall had a magnificent view. There are indications of great depth. Only 220 yards from the placid mirror which reflects no living thing save the eagles that soar above is a precipice that goes down 5,000 feet to the burning Colorado Desert. From the peak can be seen Mexico, Nevada, Arizona, the Mojave desert, the Salton Sea and the Channel Islands.

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NOTE.—We are preparing to move into our new building opposite Main Entrance, City Hall, and are offering real bargains in new and used pianos. If you have any idea of purchasing an instrument, it will be to your interest to investigate our "MOVING SALE" bargains.

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For the sultry Summer days when the appetite craves light, dainty and wholesome dishes, try the following: Heat a Shredded Wheat Biscuit in the oven to restore crispness, then cover with sliced peaches and serve with milk or cream, adding sugar to suit the taste. For breakfast heat the Biscuit in oven to restore crispness and serve with milk or cream, adding salt to suit the taste. Triscuit is the Shredded Wheat Toast—a delicious and dainty "snack" for Summer lunches and outdoor excursions.

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All the girls going to Muskoka this year are taking with them a bottle of "Campana's Italian Balm." It keeps the skin soft and creamy. After an outing on the lake or in the woods, when the summer sun burns the skin, the Italian Balm will cure the burning and keep away the freckles. And it's only 25c. a bottle at the drug stores. E. G. West & Co., agents.

"Fo' goodness sake," impatiently exclaimed Mr. Coonley, during the poker game, "speak up lively an' say what yo' am a-gwine to do, Mose! Why, it don't take me mo' den two seconds to make up mah mind." "I it did," replied the player addressed very deliberately, "you'd suttainly be loafin'!"—New York Sun.